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THE STORK AND THE RUBY.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

A certain prince—I have forgot his name—
Playing one morning at the archer's game,
Within a garden where his palace stood,
Shot at a stork, and spilled the creature's blood
For very wantonness, and cruelty.
Thrice had he pierced the target in the eye
At fifty paces, twice debruised a rose,
Striking each time the very leaf he chose;
Then he set up his dagger in a hedge,
And split an arrow on its glittering edge.
What next to hit he knew not. Looking round
He saw a stork just lighted on the ground,
To rest itself after its leagues of flight:
The dewy walk in which it stood was bright,
So white its plumage, and so clear its eyes,
Twinkling with innocence, and sweet surprise!
"I'll shoot the silly bird," the prince exclaimed;
And bending his strong bow he straightway aimed
His keenest arrow at its panting heart;
The lucky arrow missed a vital part,
(Or was it some kind wind that pushed it by?)
And only struck and broke the creature's thigh.
The poor thing tumbled in a lily bed,
And its blood ran, and made the lilies red.
It marked the changing color of the flowers,
The winding garden walks, the bloomy bowers,
And last the cruel prince, who laughed with glee—
Fixing the picture in its memory;
This done it struggled up, and flew away,
Leaving the prince amazed, and in dismay.

Beyond the city walls, a league, or more,
A little maid was spinning at her door,
Singing old songs to cheer the long day's work:
Her name was Heraclis. The fainting stork
Dropped at her feet, and with its short bill
Showed her its thigh, broken, and bleeding still;
She fetched it water from a neighboring spring,
And while it drank and washed each dabbled wing
She set the fractured bones with pious care,
And bound them with the fillet of her hair.
Eased of its pain again it flew away,
Leaving the maiden happier all the day.

That night the prince, as usual, went to bed
His royal wine a little in his head:
Beside him stood a casket full of gems,
The spoil of conquered monarchs' diadems:
Great pearls, milk-white, and shining like the moon;
Emeralds, grass-green; sapphires, like skies of June;
Brilliants that threw their light upon the wall;
And one great ruby that outshone them all,
Large as a pigeon's egg, and red as wine
When held before the sun—a gem divine!
Through these he ran his fingers carelessly,
Like one who dips a handful of the sea,
To run his eyes with dripping stars of brine;
At last he slumbered in the pale moonshine.
Meanwhile the watchful stork was in his bowers;
Again it saw its blood upon the flowers,
And saw the walks, the fountain's shaft in air,
But not the cruel prince: no prince was there:
So up and down the spacious scene it flew,
And ever nearer to the palace drew.
Passing the lighted windows, row by row,
It saw the prince, and saw the ruby's glow;
Hopping into the chamber, grave and still,
It seized the ruby with its short bill,
And spreading then its rapid wings in flight,
Flew out, and vanished in the yawning night!
Night slowly passed, and morning broke again:
There came a light tap on the window-pane
Of Heraclis: it woke her: she arose,
And, slipping on in haste her peasant clothes,
Opened the door to see who knocked, and lo!
In walked the stork again, as white as snow,
And in its bill the ruby, whose red ray
Flamed in her face, anticipating day:
Again the creature pointed to its thigh,
And something human brightened in its eye,
A look that said, "I thank you!" plain as words:
The virgin's look was brighter than the bird's,
So glad was she to see it was not dead:
She stretched her hand to stroke its bowing head,
But ere she could, it made a sudden stand,
And thrust the priceless ruby in her hand,
And sailing swiftly through the cottage door
Mounted the morning sky, and came no more!

Pictures of Life.

EIGHT DAYS OF ROYALTY;

OR,

THE TRUE HISTORY OF MASANIELLO.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

For a half an hour the Duc of Arcos was overwhelmed with the homage of some and the outrages of others. Some kissed his hands and knees; others shook their fists and knives at him. Squeezed, knocked about amid this confused mass, he would have ended his life there, if his friends, aided by some of the more respectful of the men, had not secretly managed to get him back to his palace. He soon left it again by a back door, and reached a court where a carriage happened to be standing. He got into it with the prior of Roccella and two lords, and was driven to the church of St. Louis, a short distance off. The people in the streets crowded so closely round the carriage, that it floated along without touching the earth, like a ship swung about by a tempest. Swords and pickets glittered every moment at the windows—a little farther on, extended a horizon of cross-bows and arquebuses. A gesture, a word, and the viceroy would have been stabbed or shot. Already, some of the more miserable of the mass hung upon the doors, pulled his moustaches and tore off his clothes. Some pieces of gold with which he had provided himself for his flight, fell out. This incident was a revelation for him. He seized a handful of the money, and dashed it through the carriage windows. The proudest threw it back to him with curses; but the less delicate (and that was the majority,) precipitated themselves upon the unexpected booty—a space was thus cleared before the carriage; it reached the church, and the Duke sprang in and barricaded himself there.

In the meanwhile a shot from the palace had struck an insurgent. The crowd, with a yell of rage, burst open the royal residence—they felled down all the Spaniards they met; they destroyed everything they laid their hands on; the furniture was thrown from the windows, the mirrors broken in pieces, the hangings torn to ribbons; and, finally, placing upon a chair the body of the insurgent who had been shot, they marched out of the palace and into the faubourgs with it, crying,

"*To arms!*"

It was in vain that the viceroy's last defenders protected him at the church of St. Louis; he only escaped assassination by fleeing, disguised and on foot, beneath a burning sun, to the high fortress of Saint Elmo.

In vain the Prince of Besignano enters the Carmel church, takes the crucifix, and, in the name of the God of peace, adjures the rebels to be quiet. He only saves himself by feigning to give some orders, and reaches, on foot, the fort of Castel-Nuovo where the Duke of Arcos, the Spanish garrison, the magistrates and functionaries manage to join him. In vain the Cardinal Archbishop Filomarino, in vain the Theatins and the Jesuits traverse the streets, cross and taper in hand—

"Go back to your Convents, fathers," cry the multitude; as you did not see fit to come out yesterday to save us from bondage, do not come forth to-day to prevent our deliverance."

And pursuing their destructive march, the populace opened the prisons and released the prisoners. The prison of the Vicariat alone was respected, because it had been inhabited by Charles V.—glorified by all, as by Masaniello. Then they pillaged the armorer's stores, blew up one which resisted, and the timbers and splinters flew into the air with a hundred victims. The hotel of the opulent Voglano, the treasurer for tax upon grains, was next sacked of its pictures and riches of all kinds. And seeing a poor man snatch a piece of money from the flames, they punished him upon the spot, crying that they did not come there to steal, and that all thieves should be hung!

CHAPTER IV.

THE MASKS RAISED.

Amid all these discords, night came on. Naples presented a frightful aspect. The immense multitude, armed for the greater part, occupied the squares in separate masses. Long lines perambulated the streets, watching the forts, the sea-shore and the harbors. On all sides cries of *fury, vivats* and menaces were heard, and thousands of absurd rumors, false communications and projects for the next day were circulated. Here, the glare of flames reddened the heavens; there, resounded shots whose victims were as unknown as the murderers; farther, a sudden panic seized a group who fled scattering terror with them. The rich, devoted to vengeance, escaped by favor of the night, sometimes alone, sometimes followed by their frightened families, abandoning their houses, their interests, their treasures. Some took refuge around the citadels, others succeeded, with the aid of large sums of money, in obtaining boats and leaving the shore; lastly, a great many fled on the land side and hid themselves at farms and in the woods.

The guiding spirit of the revolution had not as yet appeared anywhere.

But the time was come for him to throw aside his mask. The market-place was still the principal point for the rebels. Masaniello was stationed there with his band; but he had not as yet exercised any nominal authority, although he had taken part with prodigious activity and wonderful audacity, in the great events of the day. Towards the middle of the night, four persons, masked, stopped upon the market-place. They belonged to those who, dressed in the robes of the Capuchin Friars, had appeared at all points fomenting the sedition. One of them raised his mask, and showing by the light of the moon and of the torches, that he was Giulio Genovino, the doctor, he commanded silence, and harangued the multitude. He approved of the people crying "*Long live the King of Spain, and death to the bad government!*"—because, said he, we do not want to deprive the king of the crown and sovereignty of Naples, but only to put a stop to the injustice and rapacity of his ministers and delegates, (an excellent way to take the moderates themselves from the Duc of Arcos, and to give the Duc of Guise time to come and deal him the last blow.) * * * * He ended his discourse by showing the urgent necessity of having a supreme head, who, by regulating the efforts of all the rest, should direct the insurrection in such a way as to assure the most fruitful results. * * * * * These words from the Oracle of Naples strongly impressed the multitude, who already began instinctively to feel the need of some one to command them bravely and skillfully. Palumbo, Perrone, and their companions, agreed with Genovino, and began to spread the name of Masaniello, knowing his boldness, and thinking they could overcome his ignorance. The attempt succeeded marvellously, and the popular adhesion was the more rapid, as the news of the flight of the Prince of Bisignano, and of the viceroy's removal to the fort of Castle-Nuovo, just then arrived. The excitement again became general; the masses were once more aroused; the bells of the Carmel and of the other churches rang out frightful peals; groups armed with torches, paraded the city; clamor, disorder, confusion, were at their height, and Masaniello was proclaimed sole, supreme and all-powerful ruler of the people of Naples!

CHAPTER V.

POOR MARYS.

What in the meanwhile had become of the Puzzolienne whom we left waiting at her house in Amalfi? * * * * She passed an hour, two hours, the whole day at her window, looking upon the gulf. Then, her anxiety extending to the rest of the family, her brother set off for Naples, at night-fall, while she sobbed at the knees of her weeping parents, unmindful now of her deserted banquet.

* * * * * * *

And the next day, very late, when she saw her messenger return alone to the house, when he announced that Naples had risen against the Duc of Arcos, and that her husband had been proclaimed king over the revolted people, * * * * the poor young wife thought she felt her house falling about her head with all her dreams of love and happiness; and crying—"Help, oh, holy Madona of Carmel!" she fell fainting in her father's arms in the midst of the scattered ornaments and flowers of her innocent festival. * * * * *

At the same moment, the Marquis of Chatillon, throwing his purse to the boldest boatman of Naples, ordered him to rejoin with all speed the vessel containing the Duchess and Marie of Arcos, and to command them to return, in the name of the safety of their husband and father, besieged in the fort of Castel-Nuovo by the insurgent Neapolitans.

CHAPTER VI.

THE RAT KILLER (TAGLIA-TOPI).

Behind the illustrious personages who were, as we have described, so desperately contending for Naples; behind the viceroy, Duc of Arcos, who wanted to overthrow the only remaining privileges and pocket the last crown of the Italians; behind Genovino who wanted to overthrow the Duc of Arcos or govern Sumaria; behind Masaniello, who wanted to overthrow the taxes and have fruit cheap; behind the Marquis de Chatillon who wanted to overthrow the viceroy and Masaniello in order to carry off Marie d'Arcos, and give Naples to Henri de Guise, there was a man who labored to overthrow all the others at once, the Duc by the fisherman, the fisherman by the Marquis, the Marquis by the Doctor, the Doctor by a fifth rascal, who will soon make himself known. * * * This man more powerful than the viceroy, more influential than the chief of the people, more learned than Genovino, more cunning than Chatillon, and richer than all together, was nevertheless only a poor devil of a fellow, among the lowest of Neapolitan lazzaroni, Giuseppe Basilio, the rat catcher.

Vischer, the painter, has drawn his portrait with a masterly hand. The peevish, cross grained face, with an expression more simple than cunning, the yellow, squalid complexion, the large, open eyes, with their fixed look, the thick ears, flat nose, bestial lips between two moustaches and a goat-like beard, a cap of rough fur, a grey jacket almost worn out, black breeches, a hunting-knife and game bag hanging from his belt, a box slung across his shoulders decorated with two escutcheons, one of which represented a poignard between four stars; a cloak upon his shoulders fastened by a cord and adorned with a tame rat, a piece of rat-poison in his hand; on his right, a ferret dog with rough hair and a sharp muzzle; on his left, a boy armed with a cage mounted upon a long pole, with dead rats hung around it, and a live rat inside of it.

Such was, amid the anarchy, the true King of Naples, and in this way.

To the people, Guiseppe was only the *Taglia-topi*, living by the sale of his rat-bane, and by catching rats in houses and cellars for twenty *scudi* the hundred; but for fifteen years this man had been the governor of Naples' most cunning spy, his most active agent, and a most useful instrument to the administration. Knowing all the holes and corners of the city as well as he did those of his rat box, searching through palaces as well as through cabins, perfectly at home in the turnings and windings of all the subterranean passages, initiated into the mysteries of all the staircases and trap doors, profiting by the confidence, or rather the universal indifference in order to listen to the words and guess the thoughts of every one, a regular cat, catching secrets like mice, without seeming to do it, in a word, knowing all without letting anybody know it, Basilio was for the viceroy, to whom he gave in his report every evening, what the police and telegraphs are for governments now-a-days;—with this great superiority that, while seeming to be a simple and faithful spy, he turned his trade to the perfidious and ingenious account we are about to show. In one word, Guiseppe was a Machiavel in rags, and unrecognised; that is to say, the strongest and most dangerous of Machiavels.

So, as soon as the viceroy was safe at Castel-Nuovo, before reviewing his garrison, before consulting the functionaries or magistrates, he shut himself up alone in his cabinet, pushed a spring which vibrated a distant bell, and the face of the taglia-topi, springing from the fort cellars, appeared in a gilded frame, in the place of one of Raphael's virgins.

"Well, Guiseppe," said the Duke, "you were right; Naples was as hollow as a mole-hill, and I ought to have left the city, as you advised me to do; but now I must stay and conquer at all hazards. What news since yesterday?"

"Ah! I never caught so many rats!" replied Basilio, shaking his trousers. (In his language, secrets were called rats.)

And he related all that the reader already knows; Genovino's anger, his plotting with Chatillon, their tricks with the people and with Masaniello, and finally, the latter's election as chief of the revolt.

He took care to exaggerate the facts in such a way as to make the Duc exceedingly anxious. It was in this way that he led him to take and follow his advice.

"But, Guiseppe, I am then upon two volcanoes. All is lost! What must I do?"

"You know better than I do, my lord. It is not for me to teach his trade to a statesman like you!" (The fellow's great skill consisted in persuading his master that he himself originated all that he whispered to him.) "Rats eat each other up very readily, especially when they are famished."

"I understand," said the viceroy, "you would stop the provisioning o Naples."

"With a good watch at the gates, and a good watch in the roadstead."

"My forts and cannons will protect it enough. Per Dio! I forgot the forts and cannons. But your highness, who thinks of everything, will not forget the great point in order to divide the rats."

"Reveal to Masaniello, Chatillon's project?"

"No!" said Guiseppe, (who reserved this titbit for himself;) "that would be giving the French too fine a chance. In their first fury, the people would sooner surrender to them than return to you. You will do better than that, my lord, by taking from Masaniello the only support which could make him conquer, the great and true strength of Naples: the nobility. I have *hunted* at the Bisignanis, the Maddalonis, the Torsidis, the Satrianis, at the houses of all the princes of the Chiaja. They are still neutral, they hesitate; but the popular cause tempts them. You saw it yesterday in Bisignano."

"You are right; I must make them quarrel with the fisherman."

"By pushing him into crime and madness. Your Highness divines everything! I warn you, however, that it is not an easy thing. Advised by Genovino, the incendiary assumes a formidable moderation and calmness. In the market-place, in the midst of the nobles, he already puts on the air of a King surrounded by his ministers. He exposes the Spanish flag and the bust of Philippe IV.; it is against you alone that he turns all cries and all arms. He judges, he organizes, he commands, he maintains order. Should he stick to this skillful role two days, the nobles will, in mass, give him their adhesion.

"How can I render this man odious to them?

"This man has a wife whom he adores, and for whom the people have gone to Amalfi to bring her in triumph to Naples. Forestall this ovation, my lord; have the wife carried off this morning, and this evening the husband's vengeance will horrify the nobility.

"I had already thought—— But how to stop the torrent afterwards?"

"Still by the wife; she will remain as a hostage in your hands. By threatening this beloved head, you will disarm Masaniello."

"And if I do not disarm him—if he puts Naples to the fire and sword?"

"You will drown the fire and the blood—in water!"

"What do you mean?"

The rat-killer drew himself up, turned his hat between his fingers, and leaning down to the Duke's ear, as if the walls might hear him:

"My lord," he answered, with a strange smile, "what is it to you if palaces are burned, and lords put to death? Every Italian ruin would add strength to the pedestal of your rulers; you have only to spare Spanish blood, and only to fear the fire of the powder magazines. Well, give me twenty miners for three days, and in three days all your soldiers shall be invulnerable, for you will be master of all the powder magazines in Naples."

"Even those of Fort St. Elme, and of the faubourgs?"

"I say all, and I will explain myself," added Basilio, pointing to the cellars from which he had appeared. "This subterranean passage, the highest in Naples, formerly communicated at one end with the sea, and at the other with all the vaults of the forts. When a child, I have hunted three leagues through these immense galleries. It was simply in order to protect the powder magazines from the water that these communications were shut off. Suppose you should secretly open them?"

"I have it! I have it!" cried the Duc, enthusiastically; "with one hand I take from the magazines what I need to overcome my enemies, and with the other hand I cut off all communication from them."

"By signing to me to turn a cock!" concluded Guiseppe, with an imitative gesture. "The sea rushes into all the magazines, and, with your cannons loaded to the muzzle before them, the rebels will not have a pinch of dry powder to resist with!"

"You are a genius!" said the viceroy, throwing a handful of gold and an order for the miners of Castel-Nuovo to the taglia-topi."

"It is your Highness who sees everything at a glance," humbly replied Basilio, putting the gold and the paper in his pocket.

"You will not escape me now!" he added, clenching his fist, when the trap-door had once more closed over him.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE VICEROY'S SATISFACTION.

Guiseppe had said rightly. In order to restore to Masaniello the wife who had been deserted for the revolt, all the fishermen of the gulf, reuniting their boats, adorned with flowers, went to Amalfi to seek the Puzzolienne, whom they already called the vice-reine of Naples. In order that nothing should be wanting to the pomp of her entree, they sent her, beforehand, a royal costume, fashioned according to the portrait of Henriette of England, by Van Dyck, together with the silks, laces, and jewels found in the viceroy's palace.

The hour fixed for the return approached. The whole population, in holiday dress, waited on the shore. A triumphal car was ready to conduct the queen through the city. A hundred youths, splendidly dressed, were to draw it, followed by all the young girls of the city, robed in white.

Beside these splendors, Masaniello presented a great contrast, standing in a thoughtful attitude, with his bare legs, his uncovered breast, his red cap, his coarse linen breeches, and his patched shirt, ornamented with the cross of the Carmel.

All at once a shout arises; hats fly into the air—the crowd increases—the ringing of bells and firing of guns are mingled together.

"There she is! there is the vice-reine! hail to the Madona Aniello!"

The fisherman's heart beat so hard, that it visibly raised his coarse shirt upon his breast.

His gaze, stretching beyond all others, has recognized, upon the gulf flooded with the sunlight, a group of boats advancing in effect towards Naples. As they approach, banderoles of flowers are distinguished, and, in the central boat, a woman dressed and glittering with jewels.

The shouts begin again, and seem to shake the very heavens. "It is the vice-reine! Glory to the vice-reine!"

But suddenly Masaniello turns pale and staggers, and imposes silence by a wild gesture.

He had just recognized around the Puzzolienne, and the crowd recognizes with him, instead of Neapolitan fishermen, Spanish soldiers!

At the same time the flotilla, avoiding the harbor, takes the direction of Castel-Nuovo! and Masaniello's brother-in-law, bound by the side of his sister, breaks his chains, throws himself into the bay, swims ashore, and relates what follows:

The Spanish soldiers anticipated the Neapolitans at Amalfi, arrested the Puzzolienne in the name of the viceroy, forced her, in derision, to don the rich robes which had just been sent to her, and which she had rejected with horror; then, seizing the flower-adorned barks which soon after arrived, they started with their captive for the dungeon of the citadelle.

Thus was the triumphal march turned into one of ignominy.

In order that no one might doubt it, the soldiers shouted to the people in mocking terms:

"Here is the vice-queen! Honor to the vice-queen of Naples!"

The stupor which this recital, this sight, and this insult produced, may be imagined.

As for Masaniello, he saw and heard nothing, and for a long time he remained motionless, haggard, overcome. Then, at last, starting up, with tears, rage, delirium—

"With me!" he cried, in a terrific voice, "with me Perrone, Palumbo, Vitale, Polito, Annese! with me the painters of the *Company of Death*!* With me all to whom I refused pillage and fire! I deliver the Spaniards and their agents to you now, until that prisoner is restored to us with the franchise of Naples!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FISHERMAN'S REVELATION.

An hour afterwards, upon the great market-place, Basilio's prophecy was accomplished. Abandoned to his fury, Masaniello was no longer recognizable. The council and army of *Arengers* began their work. Sixty families figured upon the first list of victims, and three-fourths of the nobles, who had admired the fisherman, went off, and armed themselves in their palaces, or took refuge at a distance with their families. A very small number, and principally his creatures, rejoined the Duc at Castel-Nuovo, the others generally believing him lost, or else refusing to draw their swords in the Spanish cause.

Here is the account given by historians of those dreadful days. Here the hotel of Genovino Letuzia, flour inspector, blazes amid a heap of tapestry, rich stuffs, and jewels. The crowd dances before the fire, howling:—"This is our blood! May all who have sucked it burn eternally!" Here the magnificent Venitian mirrors, the chef-d'œuvres of art, the most splendid plate, caskets of inestimable pearls, the gardens and superb green-houses, belonging to Felipo Basili, ex-baker, grown rich through his tally sticks, become a mass of cinders. The riches of the houses of Angelis, Marabello, Naclerio, the elect of the people, the Dukes of Caivano, Ostuna, de Lebrano, all former tax gatherers, share the same fate. Even carriage horses, draught mules, fowls and hunting dogs, are cast alive into these burning piles! * * Mothers make their little children throw rich objects into the flames. And the masters of these palaces see all this from the heights of Castel-Nuovo;—a horrible, but precious lesson for those who revel in luxury bought by the misery of the people!

A strange kind of order reigns in all this disorder! A curious scrupulousness regulates everything. By the orders of the inflexible Masaniello, everything is burned, but nothing stolen! Shameless malefactors and starving beggars throw back into the brasier the floods of gold which pour from it. * * Three poor wretches only steal a bridle, a cup, and a little silver frame, the fisherman has them hung, or beaten to death with clubs. As to the portraits of the King of Spain, another curious thing in this drama, the pillagers respect them of themselves, salute them with acclamations, and display them for public honors, under a canopy ornamented with the richest articles of the booty. (Vide the historians, Giraffi, Santis, Turris.)

Masaniello finds a simple means for replacing the nobles who had deserted him, for bringing others to him, for retaining those who still wavered, and for getting rid of the cowards and suspicious ones. He sends forth an edict, commanding all the Neapolitans to enrol themselves under the people's banner, within twenty-four hours, under pain of death.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

* This celebrated band was formed at Naples by Falcone, to revenge one of his relations, the victim of a Spaniard. All the young school of artists in the country enrolled themselves in it, with Salvator Rosa at their head. Among them were Lazzaro, Micco Spadaro, Parpera, Del Fo, Coppola, Mashirso, the two Francanzanos, Vascaro, father and son, &c., all animated by the same hatred, and retaliating upon the Spaniards in every way.

THE DEMEANOR OF MURDERERS.

Under this caption, Charles Dickens, in a recent article in "Household Words," refers to Palmer the poisoner, as follows:—

"The recent trial of the greatest villain that ever stood in the Old Bailey dock, has produced the usual descriptions inseparable from such occasions. The public has read from day to day of the murderer's complete self-possession, of his constant coolness, of his profound composure, of his perfect equanimity. Some subscribers have gone so far as to represent him, occasionally rather amused than otherwise by the proceedings; and all the accounts that we have seen, concur in more or less suggesting that there is something admirable, and difficult to reconcile with guilt, in the bearing so elaborately set forth.

"As whatever tends, however undesignedly, to insinuate this uneasy sense of incongruity into any mind, and to invest so abhorrent a ruffian with the slightest tinge of heroism, must be prejudicial to the general welfare, we revive the detestable subject with the hope of showing that there is nothing at all singular in such a deportment, but that it is always to be looked for and counted on, in the case of a very wicked murderer. The blacker the guilt, the stronger the probability of its thus being carried off.

"In passing, we will express an opinion that Nature never writes a bad hand. Her writing, as it may be read in the human countenance, is invariably legible, if we come at all trained to the reading of it. Some little weighing and comparing are necessary. It is not enough in turning our eyes on the demon in the Dock, to say he has a fresh color, or a high head, or a bluff manner, or what not, and therefore he does not look like a murderer, and we are surprised and shaken. The physiognomy and conformation of the Poisoner, whose trial occasions these remarks, were exactly in accordance with his deeds; and every guilty consciousness he had gone on storing up in his mind, had set its mark upon him.

"We proceed, within as short a compass as possible, to illustrate the position we have placed before our readers in the first paragraph of this paper.

"The Poisoner's demeanor was considered exceedingly remarkable, because of his composure under trial, and because of the confident expectation of acquittal which he professed to the last, and under the influence of which he, at various times during his incarceration, referred to the plans he entertained for the future when he should be free again.

"Can any one, reflecting on the matter for five minutes, suppose it possible—we do not say probable, but possible—that in the breast of this Poisoner there were surviving, in the days of his trial, any lingering traces of sensibility, or any wrecked fragment of the quality which we call sentiment? Can the profoundest or the simplest man alive, believe that in such a heart there could have been left, by that time, any touch of Pity? An objection to die, and a special objection to be killed, no doubt he had; and with that objection very strong within him for divers very weighty reasons, he was—*not* quite composed. Distinctly *not* quite composed, but, on the contrary, very restless. At one time, he was incessantly pulling on and pulling off his glove; at another time, his hand was constantly passing over and over his face; and the thing most instanced in proof of his composure, the perpetual writing and scattering about the little notes, which, as the verdict drew nearer and nearer, thickened from a sprinkling to a heavy shower, is in itself a proof of miserable restlessness. Beyond this emotion, which any lower animal would have, with an apprehension on it of a similar fate, what was to be expected from such a creature but insensibility? I poison my friend in his drink, and I poison my friend in his bed, and I poison my wife, and I poison her memory, and do you look to me, at the end of such a career as mine, for sensibility? I have not the power of it even in my own behalf, I have lost the manner of it, I don't know what it means, I stand contemptuously wondering at you people here when I see you moved by this affair. In the Devil's name, man, have you heard the evidence of that chambermaid, whose tea I should like to have the sweetening of? Did you hear her describe the agonies in which my friend expired? Do you know that it was my trade to be learned in poisons, and that I foresaw all that, and considered all that, and knew, when I stood by his bedside looking down upon his face turned to me for help on its road to the grave through the frightful gate then swinging on its hinges, that in so many hours or minutes all those horrors would infallibly ensue? Have you heard that, after my poisonings, I have had to face the circumstances out, with friends and enemies, doctors, undertakers, all sorts of men, and have uniformly done it; and do you wonder that I face it out with you? Why not? What right or reason can you have to expect anything else of me? Wonder! You might wonder, indeed, if you saw me moved, here now before you. If I had any natural human feeling for my face to express, do you imagine that those medicines of my prescribing and administering would ever have been taken from my hand? Why, man, my demeanor at this bar is the natural companion of my crimes, and, if it were a little different from what it is, you might even begin reasonably to doubt whether I had ever committed them!

"The Poisoner had a confident expectation of acquittal. We doubt as little that he had some considerable hope of it, as we do that he made a pretence of having more than he really had. Let us consider, first, if it be wonderful that he should have been rather sanguine. He had poisoned his victims according to his carefully-laid plans; he had got them buried out of his way; he had murdered, and forged, and yet kept his place as a good fellow and a sporting character; he had made a capital friend of the coroner, and a serviceable traitor of the postmaster; he was a great public character, with a special Act of Parliament for his trial; the choice spirits of the Stock Exchange were offering long odds in his favor, and, to wind up all, here was a tip-top counsellor bursting into tears for him, saying to the jury, three times over—'You dare not, you dare not, you dare not!' and bolting clean out of the course to declare his belief that he was innocent. With all this to encourage him, with his own Derby-day division of mankind into knaves and fools, and with his own secret knowledge of the difficulties and mysteries with which the proof of Poison had been, in the manner of the Poisoning, surrounded it would have been strange indeed if he were not borne up by some idea of escape. But why should he have professed himself to have more hope of escape than he really entertained? The answer is, because it belongs to that extremity, that the villian in it should not only declare a strong expectation of acquittal himself, but should try to infect all the people about him with it. Besides having an artful fancy (not wholly without foundation) that he disseminates by that means an impression that he is innocent; to surround himself in his narrowed world with this fiction is, for the time being, to fill the jail with a faintly rose-colored atmosphere, and to remove the gallows to a more agreeable distance. Hence, plans are laid for the future, communicated with an engaging candor to turnkeys, and discussed in a reliant spirit. Even sick men and women, over whom natural death is pending, constantly talk with those about them on precisely the same principle.

"It may be objected that there is some slight ingenuity in our endeavors to resolve the demeanor of this Poisoner into the same features as the demeanor of every other very wicked and very hardened criminal in the same strait, but that a parallel would be better than argument. We have no difficulty in finding a parallel; we have no difficulty in finding scores, beyond the almost insuperable difficulty of finding, in the criminal records, as deeply dyed a murderer. To embarrass these remarks, however, with references to cases that have passed out of the general memory, or have never been widely known, would be to render the discussion very irksome."

(Mr. Dickens proceeds, however, to defend his position by a brief citation of the cases of the murderers Rush and Thurtell, and, after establishing a complete parallel between the demeanor of the latter while on trial, and that of Palmer, concluded as follows:)

"It is surely time that people who are not in the habit of dissecting such appearances, but who are in the habit of reading about them, should be helped to the knowledge that, in the worst examples they are the most to be expected, and the least to be wondered at. That there is no inconsistency in them, and no fortitude in them. That there is nothing in them but cruelty and insensibility. That they are seen, because the man is of a place with his misdeeds; and that it is not likely that he ever could have committed the crimes for which he is to suffer, if he had not this demeanor to present, in standing publicly to answer for them."

WHO IS A GENTLEMAN!—A gentleman is not merely a person acquainted with certain forms and etiquettes of life, easy and self-possessed in society, able to speak and act, and move in the world without awkwardness, and free from habits which are vulgar and in bad taste. A gentleman is something much beyond all this; that which lies at the root of all his ease, and refinement and tact, and power of pleasing, is the same spirit, which lies at the root of every Christian virtue. It is the thoughtful desire of doing in every instance as he would that others should do unto him. He is constantly thinking, not indeed how he may give pleasure to others for the mere sense of pleasing, but how he can show respect for others—how he may avoid hurting their feelings. When he is in society, he scrupulously ascertains the position and relation of every one with whom he is brought into contact, that he may give to each his due honor, his proper position. He studies how he may avoid touching in conversation upon any subject which may needlessly hurt their feelings, how he may abstain from any allusion which may call up a disagreeable or offensive association. A gentleman never alludes to, never even appears conscious of any personal defect, bodily deformity, inferiority of talent, of rank, of reputation, in the persons in whose society he is placed. He never assumes any superiority for himself—he never ridicules, never sneers, never boasts, never makes a display of his own power, or rank, or advantages—such as is implied in ridicule, or sarcasm, or abuse—as he never indulges in habits or tricks, or inclinations, which may be offensive to others.—*Life Illustrated.*

ENGLISH REPUTATION IN THE EAST.—It would surprise the reader to know that as in its influence, so also in its manufactures, England tops the pyramid. An *English* penknife gets the premium over all others of its kind; and the tourist will be amused to hear a shopkeeper tell him, "This, sir, is *English* manufacture," which means to say that he is expected to pay a round sum for it. If anything is salable in the East, that which bears the impress of England finds the best and speediest of markets. The reason of it is this: the people in the East have taken the notion—right or wrong, I will not here discuss—that everything in England must be durable, and ought to be called *everlasting!* One of the characteristics by which an Englishman is known in Syria is, that his word is as "the law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not;" so that if has now become a proverb with us. Whenever we want to give a final word—and beyond further controversy—we say, "What I am now going to say is *kilme Ingleezieh*, or an Englishman's word;" by which the speaker means that there is end of the matter, and more talking would be only wasting breath to no purpose.—*M. Wortabet's Syria.*

POVERTY AND POETRY.

It is not poetry that makes men poor;
For few do write who were not so before;
And those that have writ best, had they been rich,
Had ne'er been caught with a poetic itch;
Had loved their ease too well, to take the pains
To undergo that drudgery of brains;
But being for all other trades unfit,
Only to avoid being idle, set up wit.—*Butler.*

☞ Every one can and should do something for the public, if it be only to kick a piece of orange peel into the road from the foot-pavement.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1856.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$2.50 if not paid in advance. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

CELEBRATION OF THE FOURTH.

"Fourth of July comes but once a year" is, in popular parlance, the expression of a fact, for which, as for all other mercies, let us thank Heaven. Not that we regret the annual observance of the most august day in our historic annals! Nor could they be kept properly, would there were fifty such, and every one a festival. No sublimer glory clings to any anniversary we celebrate than to that of our political independence. It is the one day this entire nation has a right to remember. On this day, nearly a century ago, the children of independence built launched the idea of a political liberty, the grandest ever sent to sail the seas of Time. Let it be remembered with pride and joy and honor forever. No decent form, or ceremony, or pageant that can aid in its popular celebration, should be omitted. It belongs to a people; let it receive the exact marked and cordial and generous public ovation.

But what demonstrations invariably attend its recurrence? How is a day celebrated which no thoughtful American can think upon but with a hushed heart, and the thoughts which lie too deep for tears? We ask every sober-minded, sensible man, woman, and child whom we address, to peruse carefully the paragraphs in our news columns this week, which briefly state the character of its observance here in Philadelphia, and in other cities, and mention the events and incidents which spot that observance with black and red. Here, in this city alone, were seventeen conflagrations, chiefly occasioned by the careless and criminal abuse of fire-works, which destroyed property to the amount of thousands of dollars. The solid roll and rattle of the fire-engines, the hoarse shouts and clattering hoof soles of the firemen, and the crash and clang of the alarm-bells, dinned the streets night and day. Here were two hundred and twenty-three arrests for drunkenness, assault, and riot made in thirteen sections of the city within forty-eight hours. The police were constantly on the alert; the station-houses gorged with drunken and violent offenders. Here were affrays and brawls breaking out with oaths and blood constantly; rowdies assaulting firemen in open street; men stabbed and beaten seriously by ruffians; men mutilated and maimed for life by accidental explosions and the folly of fire-works—constantly brought to the city hospital with their flesh scorched and stinging and bleeding from powder-wounds—their hands blown off, their thumbs blown off, their fingers blown off, their members more or less seriously injured. There were drink-holes open and teeming in full force and number; boys and men swilling down the fiery fluids which transform mortals, as in the fable of Circe, into pigs and tigers; drunkards, sweltering in the sun, reeling and roaring about the streets, until dragged away by the policemen to the stations; boisterous rowdies tramping about in company, belching out barbaric yawps and yells, under the stars; and beneath the gaudy draperies of the thoroughfares, and in every lane and by-way, alley and yard, night and day, one continual crack, and hiss, and detonation and fusillade, of crackers—crackers single, crackers in bunches, crackers in barrelsful!—torpedoes, chasers, catherine wheels, Roman candles, powder in bottles, pistols, muskets, everything that could make smoke, smell, and noise, mingled with the heavy roar of cannon, and the crash and jangle of city bells,—maddening the nervous, the invalid, the sick, and breaking the sleep, and sickening the waking of the well, everywhere, constantly. This is but a tame and spiritless recital of only the salient occurrences of the day in this city. Every other city can show a similar record. Every town and village throughout the land has its list of accidents, casualties, excesses, and annoyances, in greater or in less degree, and has its share in this national folly and disgrace. It avails nothing to hold up either the glorious or the mitigating features of the observance. The former are sullied by the occurrence of the others, and the latter cannot abate one jot of the just censure which attaches to them. New York took the day for the popular inauguration of a statue of Washington in her most public square, and lent another dignity to the ceremony with the eloquence of Bethune. It was appropriate and grand. Does it in the least justify the burlesquade of foolishness, drunkenness, blatant and senseless uproar which ran riot through all her streets elsewhere, or the tragedy of violence and accidents and stimulated sin which was, as usual, played? Boston had her regatta, her firemen's parade, her military review, her civic festival, her joy-bells and cannon peals. These things were all well and proper. Do they atone for all the rest? Philadelphia's principal recognition of the day was a party meeting in Independence Square. The Post is not a political paper, and the criticism it makes on this proceeding is not from the political, but from the national point of view. Our remark is, simply, that on Independence Day the claims of party cease, and Americans only—not Whigs, or Democrats, or Mr. Fillmore's men, or Mr. Fremont's men, or anybody else's men, but America's men—stepping over their party lines, and crying truce for a day to all political contest, mingle as citizens of a common nationality, and pay reverence to one sacred and common remembrance beneath the common flag of all. But granting this action to have been tasteful and proper—does it lend any redeeming lustre to the shames and vices which held high carnival all about the city? Not the least.

Perhaps some patriot will arise and quote against us what John Adams said concerning the way he wished the day to be observed. We have a true and loyal reverence for John Adams. Few names burn with nobler radiance in the annals of the land than his. But if he could rise from his grave, or rather return to us from his calm heaven of the Just and True, would he be so very eager to endorse our patriotic friend's quotation? We imagine that after having deliberately scanned the state of things, he would either add some explanatory notes to his remarks touching the bells and bonfires, and the rest; rescind them altogether and leave the matter open to fresh consideration; or else leave us in tearful indignation. Certainly, if he was the man the world believes him to have been, he would never lend his authority to sanction an observance of his "glorious day," which turns it into a Chinese festival with tremendous cracker bursting, tom-tomming, and unlimited noise, and adds the mad licence of a Pagan saturnalia to boot—letting loose all drunken ruffiandom, and giving up the streets of our cities to the barbarism of boys and turbulent men, and the chances of conflagration, riot, and murder. We insult the memory of John Adams if we suppose him capable of giving his sanction to a method of observance which gives occasion for such enormities. We only show that we do not realize the religious enthusiasm and the fervid patriotism which fired his heart to the utterance of the memorable words regarding the manner he wished the great day recognized, if we celebrate it by any public demonstration not prompted by an enthusiasm as religious, and a patriotism as fervid, as his own.

We address the common-sense, the propriety, the intelligence, and the deepest and truest feelings of all sober-minded and thoughtful men and women, when we call for a reform in the manner of our recognition of this anniversary. Let that reform be thoroughly conceived and properly executed. Whenever the popular opinion already existing against this annual desecration of a noble festival, becomes sincerely earnest, the proper restrictive and preventive legislation will follow, and be faithfully put in execution. Local laws, rigidly enforced against the sale and use of fireworks, the explosion of powder in any form within urban or suburban limits, the disorderly night conduct of blackguards, and, above all, the vending of liquor on that day, will shear off seven-eighths of the cause for complaint at once. We lay particular stress upon the necessity of a suspension of the liquor traffic, because its permission is the cause of some of the worst evils we have mentioned. The day, by its memories and associations, ceases to be merely secular; and rum vending should be no more sanctioned during its continuance than on the Sabbath. If any further consideration needs to be urged on this point, it can be on pure reasons of expediency. We cannot afford this ever-returning loss of property and life, and this violation of the public peace, occasioned by allowing persons the means for making themselves insanely drunk, and the opportunity to fling about burning powder, and to brandish knives, and roar through the streets while in that condition. But we put the entire matter on higher grounds. We ask everyone to reconsider the meaning of this anniversary. It is a day sacred above all national days—sacred to the bold voice of a people against their tyrants;—to the inspiration, the virtue, and the valor of ancestors who tore to rags the parchment of a parliament because it sought to abolish liberty and justice, and who lived free lives, and won free graves;—sacred to the inauguration of the natural rights of mankind, to the declaration of political equality—to the emblazonment of a new experiment of governing, undreamed of, unrealized, till then, in the world's history;—to the birth of a greater human happiness, on a more magnificent scale than had ever sprung to life under the sceptres of Kings; sacred to the solemn struggle of the antique heroes of our loftiest epoch, and to the hopes they cherished of a gorgeous future, slowly, surely bursting into life, and yet to flower more gloriously from the principles they planted in the soil of the Republic, prayed for, hoped for, with tears, with cares, with secret agonies, with all the pathos and the passion of earnest lives, nurtured by their toil, nourished by their blood, and bequeathed as their noblest legacy to us, their children. Its memories are the splendid focal point in the glory of America. It is a day for the deep, grand joy which is content with smiles; for the honors that are thoughtful and remember; for the public and private renewal of our vows to republicanism; for our fresh resolves, as men and citizens, to make our country worthy of our love. Shall it not be celebrated as such? Shall it not be recognized only by such public tokens as shall most fitly express this, our appreciation of it? Let it be so. Nor let one frivolous, brutal, or irreverent act, so far as we can help it, violate or anniversary forever sacred in the hearts of thoughtful men and women to the religion of civil liberty.

THE ENGLISH PRESS.

We print this week in our European news some extracts from the London papers, which we commend to the good natured consideration of our readers. They can hardly fail to furnish matter for a flying smile. Last week our extracts were exceedingly warlike; the week before they were even blood-thirsty; you heard the blast of the war trumpets and the crash and rattle of the drums in every line. Mr. Dallas was to be packed off to his native land forthwith; Mr. Crampton was injured innocence in its most unsullied incarnation; there was to be a descent on America immediately; and, preliminary to battle, all the British government's newspaperial artillery, unlimbered and wheeled into line, rained a roaring storm of paper indignation upon Mr. Pierce, Mr. Marcy, and America generally. The London Times in particular bellowed so vociferously that some of us, not skilled in acoustics, really thought the British Lion himself had his lair in the office of that thunderous journal—the imitation was so clever. Coleridge's "ancestral voices, prophesying war" seemed to speak from the cloud. The mercury in the commercial barometer, though it did not fall to the index of foul weather, was yet shaken with the editorial hurly-burly which shook the air. Things seemed to be arriving at so serious a crisis that broad-brimmed Manchester and Liverpool felt it incumbent upon them to rise in the gentle dignity of peaceful petition, remonstrating against the apparently imminent appeal to arms which the red-tapists of Downing street threatened to try.

Suddenly Mr. Crampton arrives in England. The thing is really done after all! Presto—change! Mr. Dallas is discovered to be the most estimable of ministers and men, and there is not the slightest necessity for the removal of his diplomatic presence. Mr. Crampton is instantly declared to be a meddlesome blunderhead, and is not, and never was a fit person to represent the interests of his country in America. The editorial gods who kept "this dreadful pother o'er our heads" subside their rage, and unlimber the battery of their lesser fury on the unfortunate Mr. Crampton. They riddle his conduct with a fusillade of epithets. The London Times roars you as gently as a sucking dove. The echoes of that tremendous indignation become soft and low as sunset thunder in the mountains. The British Lion is found to have been lying, fast asleep all the while, with the lamb of Manchester, a Quaker hat shading his venerable eyes, somewhat weakened by the blinding flare of the guns of Sevastopol. And the Crampton difficulty is settled, and the supine newspaperial WE of the British Ministry see no reason why the Central American difficulties shouldn't be settled too, and, so far from having any war with us on these matters, Tory Blackwood announces that America and England are natural allies, and are to stand shoulder to shoulder henceforth and forevermore in the history of Christendom, opposing broad, united breasts to the menace and the movement of the despotisms of Europe.

So be it. But how contemptible the political jugglery expressed by the conduct of these ministerial organs! Organs—yes, indeed—in a homelier sense. Their Lordships Clarendon and Palmerston clench politic fists; the stop is moved, and the editorial hurdy-gurdys grind out "Rule Britannia" or "Britons strike home;" their Lordships fists unclench; the stop is changed, and we are regaled with the melodies of peace, or "ditties of no tone." One week they give us airs from heaven, and the next blasts from hell. Manly sincerity is not in them. They neither mean what they say, or say what they mean. Disturbing the public peace, they have no deeper motive than to reproduce the cheating aspects of the hour. They are the mere mouthpieces through which wily ministers say what they do not think or intend. Cut upon them! Well may Carlyle thunder anathemas on the Able Editors. The fellow who accidentally swore in court that the horse was sixteen feet high—meaning hands—and then stoutly resolved to stick to it, was admirable in comparison, for he, at least, showed a regard for consistency, however culpable, which these gentlemen never care to show. Was ever somersault more complete than this now turned by that abominable and able journal—the Times? It is not to be understood as an acknowledgment of error—not to be referred to a change of opinion; it is simply in imitation of the latest flip flap of a lying expediency which assumes its Proteus postures at noon, never taking that attitude of simple candor which can alone make a government respectable, and which is guided by no principle save the concealment of its real purposes. The good feeling of kindred nations is deliberately disturbed in order that mendacious editors and triple-tongued politicians may show off the senseless tricks of policy. But the burden of the fault is with the editors, for the vice of the others would have but a narrow circle of contagion but for them. Other English papers merit reprobation, but the London Times most of all. Entirely destitute of either consistency or principle, it has but the facile servility of the weather-vane to the veering flaw.

New Publications.

SIX MONTHS IN KANSAS. By a Lady. John P. Jewett & Co., Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Co., Philadelphia.

We have examined with much care the little work which appears under the above title, and are prepared to commend it to the public as a faithful record. It comes at a time when any—the slightest—reliable information regarding a subject which engages the attention of excited millions, is of the greatest value, and will be welcomed by all honest and intelligent minds in every section of the land. None of the previous works on Kansas that we have seen, appear to us worthy of notice. They have been evidently the mere re-hashes of newspaper correspondence—olla podridas compounded of various incongruous reports, and spiced to the popular taste; or else the statements of partisan bigots, written with a glaring mendacity only matched by their flippant heartlessness and consummate ignorance. Like Peter Pindar's razors, they were made to sell—and in a double sense. No doubt many intellects engaged in the consideration of the matters which agitate Kansas, are really confused by the multiplicity and incongruity of the thousand partisan rumors and assertions which daily arrive from that region, and are in truth unable to attain any definite or final conclusion. What with the narrowness, the craft, or the rapacity of politicians; the raw haste, the shallowness, the prejudice or the venality of the various presses; and the passions, the party attachments, and the foregone judgments of the heated multitudes who wage a war of words on this subject, it is little wonder that the information flowing through and colored by these channels should be so, as it were, chemically changed in quality and character, that it is impossible to decide what it was at its original sources. It is true that all intelligence which arrives claims to have come from the fountain-head, and it is also true that this intelligence forces us to wish, as Chesterfield did on a similar occasion, that its originators had heads like the fountain—as cool and as clear. For in all this feud of statement and counter statement, the difficulty now is what to believe. We esteem it, therefore, especially fortunate that our latest contribution to the news from Kansas should come from a woman—one who may be supposed by that abstraction from political interests which the fact of her sex implies, to write more from actual observation and experience, than from any desire to help the success of a party, or even of a principle; one, too, whose book declares her to be a person of not only education, refinement, and gentle and generous sympathies, but of intelligence and character. That she is, in the high sense of the word, a lady, every candid reader of her book will at once feel and allow.

Our authoress, (to use an objectionable but convenient term,) is understood to be closely related by blood to one of the most eminent and respectable citizens of Boston—a gentleman who has held offices of high trust in the State—is a distinguished member of the old Whig party, and of the most spotless conservatism—and has never had any known connection, or even sympathy with the unpopular movements of the day, participation in which is imputed a blame to so many. We mention this because social associations are held to be the moulds of character; and it would be indeed remarkable if our writer, bred in the very cloisters of Boston conservatism, and daily breathing its peculiar influences, should have in her nature any element of what is commonly termed fanaticism, or indeed any attraction towards those persons whose political views render them objects of distrust or repugnance to the large portion of the people of this country. But a surer presumptive proof of the reliability of the work is afforded by the circumstances of its composition. It is composed of a series of private letters, originally written only for a mother's eye, and now, at the suggestion of friends, presented in its present form, with a few apparent additions and alterations, to the public. We lay especial stress upon its character of truthfulness, because this is the one important point to be established in reference to a work which professes to give an account of the condition of things in Kansas. Weighed against the want of this, any merely literary excellencies would be but the dust in the balance.

That our authoress holds to "the glorious privilege of being independent," notwithstanding the favorable opinion she entertains of the Free State people, which her experience of them gave her, is very evident throughout the entire volume. It is particularly noticeable in her charcoal sketch of Colonel Lane. A partizan writer, holding her views, would have drawn him with a pen dipped in sunlight, and portrayed all the Free State men with the hues of glory, and all their opponents with the blackest of black ink, to boot. But though she has opinions, she has no prejudices. Colonel Lane she finds to be an extremely malignant and disagreeable person, and she says so plainly and plumply. Sheriff Jones, too, who is the especial detestation of the Free State people, gets a good word—though afterwards she has reason to speak bitterly of his conduct in the Lawrence affair. General Pomeroy and General Robinson are drawn finely and favorably, and with much pictorial power. The various pictures of General Robinson in particular are noticeable, in an artistic point of view, for their vivid and graphic coloring.

The authoress, in the modest preface to her pages, does herself the injustice of disclaiming any literary ability. Her work, it is true, written as it was under many disadvantages, has obvious faults of style, and occasional grammatical inaccuracies, which the lynx eyed critic will detect at a glance, and perhaps make occasion for cavil. But its literary excellencies are far more noticeable than its blemishes. It is strikingly pictural. Its manner is simple, genial, and unaffected. The glow of a sunny good nature bathes its panorama of western travel and its minutely truthful scenes of emigrant life. Some of these latter are as delicious to the mind's eye as the interiors of the Flemish painters are to the gaze of the connoisseur. They are done with real humor and fidelity, often elevated by touches of the truest and gentlest pathos. Shrewd and accurate characterizations also abound—figures and faces vividly dashed off with the stroke of the pen. There are scenes of sickness and death, whose dreariness and loneliness are reconciled by the sad, humane light in which they are shown. Darker pictures, such as the mournful burial of young Harbour, wear the same tender glory. The entire volume is the voice of a true and gentle heart. Brief and fragmentary as it is, it is yet an honest handful of rays thrown upon the condition and life of Kansas; and as such we cordially commend it to our readers.

RACHEL AND THE NEW WORLD. Translated from the French of Leon Beauvallet. Dix, Edwards & Co., New York. For sale by Cowperthwait & Co., Philadelphia.

There was a superb poetic justice in the fate which ordained that the man born to write this book should be named Beauvallet. For the name wants only an *l* the less to signify "fine valet," and its owner wants only an ell the more to make him the very finest of fine valets. The law of correspondences is thus made manifest. The author's cognomen sympathizes with his character. His points of resemblance to the traditional *valet de chambre* of French comedy are numerous. One might imagine that the dramatic conception, with which his profession makes him familiar, had become contagious to him. He has all the cleverness, the frivolity, the audacity, the impudence, the artificiality, the epigrammaticism, and the jack-a-dandy-ism of his most renowned histrionic exemplar. Oddly enough, when he selects a vehicle for the exhibition of his scintillations on America, it chances to be M. de Villemessant's *Figaro*—a journal named after the gay barber of Beaumarchais' comedy, and moulded in strict conformity with the qualities of its namesake. Birds of a feather flock together. The last link of the characteristic lackeyism of the author was added to the chain, when he sent his pages to appear as *feuilletons* in M. de Villemessant's *Figaro!*

And now this frivolous, goodnatured, witty, flippant, audacious, butterfly-winged child of the boulevards, has collected his *feuilletons* on America into a compact volume, which Messrs. Dix & Edwards have caused to be translated, and very appropriately bound in pea-green covers. What does the pea-green volume say of us? This gilded fly flitted for a few moments of Eternity around the chariot-wheels of American life, and now buzzes its insect tale to Paris and the world. Never expect that it beheld the mighty spirit of a living creature, as in the vision of Ezekiel, within the wheels, while varnish and lacquer-work were to be seen, and soiled gilding and mud-stains to be noticed on spokes and tire. For (to drop the entomological metaphor which best expresses at once his literary importance and character) this man is only a Parisian cockney and not a French philosopher. He only sees manners, customs, fashions, follies, exterior shapes and aspects; and shows these to his audience under a comic glass, which at once distorts and exaggerates. His book so far as it relates to us—for much of it is merely a humorous record of the Rachel enterprise—is the story of how he could not eat well, drink well, sleep well, live well, enjoy himself comfortably, satisfy his cockney tastes and appetites, or do anything to his satisfaction in America; and he tells it with such shrugs, smirks, grimaces, and monkey tricks of style as no one but a Parisian mountebank could possibly execute.

However, not to crush a rather amiable insect, for M. Beauvallet is only funny and not venomous, let us regale our readers with a few extracts.

Here is the first glimpse at New York:—

Pebbles replace in New York the Macadam of our city.

When one walks on them, he has every appearance of making a forced march on very hard eggs.

It is insupportably fatiguing to walk even for a single quarter of an hour on these sharp, cutting stones.

One must pass his whole life in balancing himself in these streets, which is tiresome to the last degree.

But, you will say to me, Are there, then, no side-walks?

Oh! yes. There are sometimes even too many; but they are so badly made, that they break and sink down in fifty different places, which form excavations filled with water, which it is not always easy to jump over, without the risk of falling in and getting a little wet.

There is only one thing to be done—the *omnibus!*

Ah! as for that, you have more of those than you want.

In the larger streets you may see twenty, thirty, forty, abreast; so they are from morning till night perpetual incumbrances.

It is a good thing, however, when you are in a hurry; you are sure with those coaches always to arrive too late.

But as the fare is only six cents and a quarter, you can say nothing.

Besides, these omnibusses are incredibly luxurious in pictures and decorations. Heads of beautiful women, flowers, birds, landscapes, each one more coquettish than the other.

On first arriving, you take all these carriages for perambulating signs of New York glass painters.

Signs! Of these, one sees all forms and all dimensions.

The houses are literally covered with immense placards.

From the cellar to the garret, you see nothing but high-flown advertisements, colossal canvases, and monstrous bills, all ornamented with huge figures of men having nothing human about them, imaginary animals, and a thousand other representations made solely to draw the simpletons and loafers of the two continents into the shops.

And can you think what all this makes the city look like?

A gigantic hand-bill of a mountebank company.

Then we have a curious bit of information:—

It is a fact, as curious as authentic (reliable persons have so assured me,) that in all these large hotels in the United States, any one can enter the dining-rooms at the hour of repast, seat himself at table, dine, and go away without paying anything. Without paying! Yes, positively! It is strange, but it is so.

Our author and his compatriots have new experiences in an American hotel:—

Our nights were horrible

One, among others, was hideous to me. It was the first, *pardieu!*

Towards one o'clock in the morning I awake, a prey to atrocious itch; I light my candle, and I perceive on my arms, on my legs, on my breast, a whole army of large, reddish crickets, with enormous talons—a kind of insect for which even entomologists, I am sure, have no name, and which Young America has raised up expressly to dissect me!

And these are not all: millions of musquitoes, of all sorts, join the ogres, and devour me with unequalled rage.

I feel that my senses are taking leave of me.

I act so, at all events, and I leap out of this too thickly populated bed, and take refuge on a huge trunk, on which I am far from being comfortable.

I swell perceptibly.

Like the serpent Hippolytus, I perceive with horror that my body is but one wound.

Oh! then I curse America, and Christopher Columbus who invented it, and Raphael Felix who has come to explore it! And I sleep again!

I have a horrible night mare: I seem to be present at a strange, impossible ball, where myriads of fantastic insects have collected together.

Enormous musquitoes, frightful wasps, gigantic crickets, compose the orchestra.

Colossal caterpillars, large hairy spiders, monstrous scorpions, execute nameless quadrilles, and unknown polkas, giddy waltzes, and diabolical rondos, putting to shame the Sabbath.

It is the Walpurgis night of the insects!

One hideous spider advances then towards me, and entwining me in her long, thin claws, tries to drag me with her in the whirls of the waltz.

To resist the allurements of this ignoble coryphæus, I made such a violent effort that I awoke to see a spider on the calf of one of my legs, breakfasting quietly on the last drops of blood; a real one this time, of a reddish hue, and so like my damsense of the past night as to be readily taken for her.

This is the way they sleep in this country! travel, then, three hundred leagues to enjoy this amusement!

To calm myself, I recollect that to-day is the 284th anniversary of St. Bartholomew.

Indeed, as everybody here is Protestant, these insects, who are of course the same, have avenged on my person, a poor Catholic, that great butchery of the past.

That was right!

He enlightens the European world on our method of shop-keeping:—

Here these intelligent citizens do not content themselves, as in France, with selling a speciality. Thus the cigar-dealer, for example, sells, indifferently, wine and umbrellas, sweetmeats and clothes, or confectionery. The retail druggist, at the same time with castor oil and seidlitz powders, smell glasses of liqueur and some sort of refreshments, sells also chocolate and sponges, burnt almonds and little brushes. The print dealer sells meat; the butcher, porcelain; the boot-maker, straw hats; the tailor, salt fish. Here, in trade, everything is allowable, even usury.

He gives us a touch, not all undeserved, regarding our railroads:—

They had told us all sorts of horrible stories about American railroads, and as, after all, none of us had even a limb broken, we also old be ungrateful to complain; but it is all the same, when you come out of it safe and sound, you can only say that fate has greatly favored you.

It is quite inconceivable how few precautions are taken to avert accidents.

The rails are laid down alike, on the roads, in streets, and in the very midst of towns.

You would imagine that there would be, at least, railings, or some sort of barriers. Bah! How could Americans take time to think of such fooleries!

When going through a street or a village, they ring a bell, and that is all. So much the worse for those who are deaf!

Another folly in this country is to have only one track; which is charming, because when two trains rush upon each other, one of them is sure of being finished; but they are in such a hurry—these sons of the New World!

To have made two tracks would have taken twice the time, and wouldn't have answered. It might, perhaps, have saved the lives of several thousand persons! *Fudge!* what is the life of a man worth in this country?

They care for one thing only, to do quickly what they do at all.

So in looking at the streets, which they scarcely give themselves time to pave with pebbles; side-walks so hastily constructed, that on the morrow they are broken in fifty places; houses that are built in a day—real card-castles that a strong wind will blow down;—and, to return to our subject, fantastic railroads, manufactured to please the devil, thrown across rivers, over quicksands, one is very apt to think that this people, who are there by accident after all, has very little faith itself, even in its own existence, and that it hurries to make the best of its time.

In Boston M. Beauvallet and his friends get installed in a Temperance Hotel. On which he remarks:—

It is scarcely necessary to say, that we took other lodgings the next day—with a Frenchman, *ma foi!* a brave Bourguignon, who gave us pretty good wine, and a table rather more decent, but who abused our good-nature somewhat with regouts of squirrels.

Ah! he made us swallow squirrel! It is frightful! I should never have believed that Boston could produce so many of these little long-tailed animals!

And I have always suspected that, occasionally, his ragout of squirrels was nothing but a fricassee of rats!

Eh! *mon Dieu*, are they not both quadrupeds of the gnawing order? Are they not both equally disagreeable? For the rest, what does it matter?

He describes Boston, and furnishes his readers with yet another of his remarkable bits of information, concerning the election customs of the Tri-mountainers:—

Notwithstanding its squirrel peculiarity, the modern Athens is, none the less, a rather handsome city. Not exceedingly gay; oh! no, on the contrary, very sad!

Happily we came during a holiday occasion, a sort of agricultural meeting, which had attracted a good many strangers.

It is, besides, election time, and that amused us not a little. The elections of '48 were nothing compared to these! What a host of placards, letters, bulletins, bills, and catch-words! *The nature of the candidates is truly admirable, in having their portraits painted in distemper, on huge transparencies, to captivate the voters.* (!) Do you understand that? Their portraits!

Here is some more intelligence which has the merit of originality:—

In the State of New York, in Pennsylvania, in Massachusetts, and in many other Northern States, where the Republican party is in power, slavery has been, and remains abolished. Well, it is precisely in those States that colored people are prohibited from entering a place of amusement. In the Slave States, the negroes have a reserved gallery in every theatre. What eternal contradictions! What the deuce can a man take seriously in this country?

In Philadelphia Madame Rachel is unwell, and confined to the house:—

To relieve the tedium of her captivity, I give her Cooper's novels, which she has not read until now. In what better place could one be than in that beautiful city, on the banks of the very Delaware, to become acquainted with the works of the great American novelist!

It is odd enough, that the sons of the New World manifest a very subdued admiration for their illustrious countryman. We expected to see statues of Cooper in all public places. Statues to an author in America! Bah! they do not even read his works! That is a literary fact. Americans do not read—they count. They find that more instructive!

M. Beauvallet arrives at Charleston, S. C., which he finds "dreadfully filthy and outrageously ugly." The negroes engage his attention, and he remarks:—

They are very polite, these same negroes, here. When they pass a *bon blanc*, they bow to him! So that the *bon blanc*, taken by surprise, fancies that these sham chimney-sweeps are acquainted with him, and he is ready to return their bow, and commence a conversation! Which would be very scandalous! I beg you to believe it!

For the rest, these slaves do not seem unhappy at all! They are gayer than in New York, where they are as free as if they were in the woods—as you know.

Here they are always laughing! As to the negresses, if they can always have an enormous culotted pipe in their mouths, it is all they want! These fine women smoke from morning till night; it is their habit, their hobby, their rage!

And they are ugly with those horrid instruments between their lips! They are!

What is not delightful may be seen, any morning, by the shore.

There the garbage of the city is thrown, and it is the rendezvous of fifty or sixty old negresses, half-naked, with skinny limbs, hooked fingers, long, white teeth, and little eyes, like to those of fallow deer.

It is a disgusting sight. Real ghouls' heads! The female vampires of the Arabian Nights.

These old monsters, with their fingers, rake over heaps of ordure, and pick out what seems to them eatable, or worth taking.

To complete the picture, big red-headed vultures flutter around these old sorcerers, dig with them in the uncleanness, and swallow, in enormous pieces, the putrefied bodies of dead animals!

It is all pure barbarism!

Finally "Finding the country utterly devoid of amusement" M. Beauvallet returns to Paris which he declares the only place in the world worth living in.

We commend the book to the idle Summer hours of our readers. It is extremely droll, and will provoke much cordial laughter. Let it be said in its favor that it is not at all spiteful or malignant, but is only caricature made for caricature's sake. Its prevailing feature is the genuine Parisian love of effect which sacrifices accuracy to produce a sensation.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE may be found at W. B. Zieber's. Not the least interesting of its articles, and one deserving especial notice, is that entitled "Speculations on the Future." It assumes that the present alliance of England with France is not permanent; avows that the constitutional government of Great Britain renders her an object of hostility to the European despotisms; foresees that the day will come when a combination of the European powers will be formed against her; and recognizes her natural ally in America. This is a remarkable article when we consider the High Toryism of "Old Ebony," and its pluperfect aversion for our republican government and institutions. A curious feature of the article is its concessions in regard to the Central American question.

THE AMERICAN QUARTERLY JOURNAL OF AMERICAN SCIENCES, for July, comes to us from Blanchard & Lea. It is characterized by its usual sterling ability.

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY, for July, is for sale at Winch's. It is an unusually pleasant number. One of the best of the articles is a review of the new poetry of the season—Coventry Patmore's, Allingham's, T. B. Read's, and Whittier's—evidently written by George W. Curtis, of New York, and with all the grace and acumen usual to his felicitous pen. "Napoleon as a Family Man" is continued. The political article regards the present aspect of things, and is very powerful.

"HOUSEHOLD WORDS" and "THE SCHOOLFELLOW" may be obtained at Winch's.

AFFAIRS IN CALIFORNIA.—The journals of San Francisco, with the exception of two, uphold the lawless acts of usurpation by the Vigilance Committee. A different sentiment, however, seems to pervade the State, and from the tone of the newspapers of the interior, preparations appear to be making to aid the Governor and the Courts in restoring the rule of lawful authority. In Sacramento the feeling appears to be strong against the Committee.

NEWS FROM KANSAS.—The principal feature in Kansas news this week is the disarming of a company of Chicago emigrants at Lexington. The was done by a band of several hundred Missourians and Carolinians.

A special correspondent of the New York Times communicates the following from Chicago under date of the 30th ult:—

Gentlemen have arrived here from Kansas who report concerning the disarming of the Chicago company at Lexington, that from three hundred to five hundred Missourians and South Carolinians, who had been driven from Kansas by Colonel Sumner, together with some of the citizens of Lexington gathered at the landing, armed with cannon, and threatened to fire the boat if their demand was not complied with. Under these circumstances, the captain of the steamer insisted upon the delivery of the arms, as the only way to prevent the destruction of the boat.

Subsequently, the emigrants were ordered to return, and were conducted back by a party of South Carolinians. The St. Louis Republican (Pro-Slavery) of the 30th ult., notices their arrival at Alton, Ill., and says:

"It is reported that the company offered the captain one thousand dollars not to land at Lexington. The arms that were taken from them were placed in a warehouse for safe keeping, and a receipt given for them. During the scene no hard words passed. On the arrival of the boat at Kansas, Sheriff Jones with a company of thirty South Carolinians, boarded, and on the way up the river, Atchison, Stringfellow and Russell, also came aboard, and, after learning what had occurred, they demanded an audience of the leaders of the company, whom they informed that orders had been given to disband all armed parties in the Territory, and that they had better return home. The Chicagoians considered the advice good, and before the boat reached Leavenworth, the whole company had determined to return. When the boat touched at the latter place, a large crowd assembled on shore, but being informed that the party had concluded not to land, but to proceed to Weston and return in the boat, they were satisfied and made no further demonstrations, but sent an escort with the company to Weston, where the emigrants made no attempt to land, they having given up all idea of settling in Kansas."

News from Chicago, dated July 1st, also state that forty-four Worcester men have been disarmed on board the steamer Sultan, near Lexington, by 20 Southerners, in the same manner as the Chicago company were disarmed. Sixty Sharps' rifles were taken, and the company delivered as prisoners. It is reported that a party from Ottawas, Illinois, have been treated in the same way. The people of the river towns have determined not to allow the Northern emigrants to enter Kansas.

Advices from Lawrence, under date of June 20th state that the dragoons routed another party of Missourians at Turkey Creek. They came on the camp when the Missourians immediately hoisted their red flag, and prepared for action. The party of dragoons was large, and had the artillery with them. The officer in command having given directions to have his cannon pointed, rode forward and told them that he would give them two minutes to haul down their flag and prepare to leave. They, seeing the desperate nature of the case, and not being quite strong enough, hauled down their flag and evacuated forthwith, returning to Missouri with all their arms and stores.

The Missouri Democrat publishes a letter from Lawrence, stating the release of some men who were "captured by the dragoons near Ossawatomie on the 27th of May, their arms taken from them, chains put upon their ankles, and then driven in front of the troops, mounted on horses, a distance of thirty miles under a hot sun. They wore the chains upon their limbs for nearly four weeks, and when brought before Judge Cato they were discharged, as nothing could be found against them. Three of the party captured were, however, retained—Messrs. Partridge, Jno. Brown, Jr., and Williams. The two latter are members of the Kansas Legislature. The former was released on bail, and arrived here this morning. Four indictments were found against Mr. John Brown, Sr. One for "high treason," "kidnapping a slave," "conspiracy," and one for "horse stealing"—Mr. Williams for high treason, Mr. Partridge for conspiracy; the others nothing against them; they have been imprisoned nearly a month, for no crime. Mr. Brown came to Lawrence to assist in its defence a few days prior to the destruction of the hotel and printing presses, and for doing that he is indicted for high treason by Judge Cato!"

Governor Shannon's action is contradictory. When in St. Louis a few days since, he authorized the Missouri Republican to state that the rumor of his official resignation was unfounded. Yet the Lexington Weekly Express of June 21st has the following letter to Colonel Buford:—

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, June 20, 1856.
LECOMPTON, K. T.

My Dear Sir:—Your favor of the 18th is received. I wrote to you some days ago, which I presume you had not received at the date of your last.

You can have no difficulty in coming into the Territory with bona fide settlers.

I have resigned my office, and leave for St. Louis probably on to-morrow. As soon as I pass the line, Colonel Woodson will be the acting Governor, and if you have any difficulty with the troops, you will address him on the subject. I repeat that my proclamation has no application to bona fide emigrants coming into the Territory.

Yours, with respect,
(Signed) WILSON SHANNON.

COL. BUFORD.

N. B.—I will probably see you as I pass down.

A letter to the New York Times, dated June 26th, states that Governor Shannon has backed out of his resignation, and his friends have, by much persuasion, induced him to remain in power.

It is said again that he has sent official despatches to Washington containing his resignation, which, it is stated, will not be gratifying to the Administration.

Colonel Sumner will remain in command of the troops in Kansas, but be subordinate to General Persifer F. Smith, who has been appointed to the command of the Military Department of the West in place of Brigadier General Clark.

FRIGHTFUL DISASTER.—A terrible casualty occurred in Philadelphia on Tuesday evening, July 1st. A wharf, known as Merrick's wharf, or Reed street wharf, which, from the fact of its projecting a considerable distance into the Delaware river, has been a favorite promenade with the residents of the adjacent quarter, particularly the women and children, gave way suddenly, tumbling together with a frightful crash, and plunged a number of people into the stream. A scene of the utmost terror and distress ensued. The various sections of the wharf were filled with coal ashes and other refuse, and when the mass gave way those in the midst of the wreck were not only entangled with the crashing timbers, but they were buried beneath the mass of rubbish that poured into the chasm into which they were precipitated. The tide was down at the time, but notwithstanding this fact, there were twenty-seven

Life in Paris.

MORE DISASTERS—A CLOUDY THEORY—EMPEROR AT LYONS—MORTALITY AMONG FISHES—A NEW DODGE—AUSTRIAN URBANITY—SENSIBLE ADVICE—INTERNATIONAL CATTLE-SHOW—A GOOD EXAMPLE.

PARIS, June 3, 1856.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The inundations which have laid a good part of the South of France under water are still the all-absorbing topic of the moment. The Loire, the Allier, the Saone, the Rhone, and their tributaries—that is to say, several of the largest rivers of France—swollen by the immense masses of water that have fallen through the last month in the form of rain, and by the melting of large quantities of snow in the mountains, have covered entire districts with a sheet of water from three to twenty feet in depth, washing away rocks, houses, cattle, and, in some instances, human beings; to say nothing of the total loss of crops, and of the very soil in rich and highly-cultivated regions.

M. Petit, the learned Director of the Observatory of Toulouse, says that the cause of the cold and wet of the month of May, through the last several years, is to be ascribed to our passing, at this season, through a belt of cloud rotating round the sun in nearly the same time as the earth. As there is, however, a slight difference in the two motions, we re-enter this belt, each year, at a different point; hence the variations in the season, caused by the greater or lesser density of the portion of the belt into which we plunge. He thinks that we shall, by and bye, get out of reach of this belt, and that the month of May will then regain its ancient glories; but we are to wait some years for this happy deliverance, and he counsels us, meantime, to keep exact notes of times and seasons, in order to arrive at rules with regard to the weather to be looked for in certain groups of years, the crops to be planted, and precautionary measures to be adopted, &c.

Not, as yet, having the advantage of such a guide, the ravages of the last month have been terrible indeed. Lyons, built at the confluence of the two great rivers the Rhone and the Saone, and certain quarters of which lie very low, has suffered more severely than any other of the large towns. More than one quarter of this magnificent and opulent city has totally disappeared; the noise of the houses, as they fell one after another, with a sound like that of distant thunder, striking terror and desolation into all hearts. The water had attained, on Sunday, a level of two feet higher than that of the great flood of 1837, when a friend of mine, occupying the second story of a large house in that city, found, on re-entering her apartment, after the disappearance of the flood, some hundred pounds of putrid fish left stranded on the floor of the bed-room. Since yesterday the weather has changed; the wind has gone round to the north-east, and a hot sun has shone out upon our troubles. It is hoped, therefore, that the period of this terrible calamity is near its close; but its results, in the form of fevers, rheumatism, consumption, pecuniary loss, local injury, and scarcity of provisions, will undoubtedly be even more terrible than the temporary presence of the flood.

On Sunday, the Emperor, with a staff of practical men, left Paris for Lyons, wishing to superintend, in person, the measures necessary for the safety of the town, and to judge of those which will be needed after the subsidence of the flood. A telegraphic despatch, just received, states that he yesterday went through all the injured quarters of the town; being frequently obliged to walk his horse through two or three feet of water, in the course of his explorations. In the afternoon he proceeded to Valence, which has also cruelly suffered; and will thus visit all the principal points of the inundation. He has given large sums from his privy purse, for the relief of the poor who have suffered most; and the Legislative body, in its yesterday's session, has voted the sum of two millions of francs for the same purpose.

While destruction and desolation are thus spread over the land, the depths of the sea seem also to be the theatre of some abnormal action, volcanic or other, and crabs, lobsters, and other crustacea, are being thrown up by thousands, quite dead, on the south-east shore of the island of Oleron, off Rochelle, to the great dismay of the fishermen of that region, who are afraid that some mysterious cause of mortality is about to clear their fishing-grounds of the harvest of fish they are wont to gather in at this season.

While on the subject of fish, let me add that M. Dumoulin has just invented a sub-marine electric battery, giving out a light that can be projected under water to very great distances, which promises not only to be very useful to divers, but also to fishermen; the light not only attracting in shoals the many inhabitants of the deep, but enabling the fishermen to see exactly where to throw his nets. "The ocean covering four-fifths of the world's surface," says the inventor, "it is clear that it ought to yield us the greater part of our nourishment; and with the aid of my invention, the developement to be given to the work of fishing will realise this grand improvement in the world's bill of fare."

Meantime, the actions of those Imperial and Royal noses who have proved themselves so skillful in the kingly art as "fishers of men," have all departed from this brilliant capital! Prince Oscar of Sweden is rather liked by those he has met; but the Austrian Arch-duke has left anything but an agreeable impression behind him. Whenever he passed through one of the *Salles de Gardes*, or in front of sentinels, the officers and privates, as usual, paid his Imperial Highness the compliment of a military salute, of which in all cases, according to the courteous etiquette of the Austrian Court, the Imperial Highness in question took not the slightest notice. It is said, that in the course of a single day, at the Tuileries, the young Prince thus received, without deigning even to raise his finger to his hat in return, the salutations of no less than six groups of officers, many of them of very high rank, including the usual staff attached to the Emperor's person. You may imagine the abomination in which "Austrian etiquette" in general, and Prince Maximilian in particular, will henceforth be held by these gentlemen and their brethren in arms.

The negotiations between France and Austria on the one side, and the Italian Powers on the other, are still going on; with what success, as regards the political regeneration of Italy, will be better known by and bye. Meantime Austrian rule weighs as heavily on every part of the Peninsula as ever (Sardinia excepted.) It would be difficult, but for Austria's opposition to Cardinal Antonelli, to imagine that any good could result from advice to which one of the givers, at all events, pays so little heed in her own case. But it is well known that the Pope, though weak and timid, is neither tyrannical nor reactionary; and that the late policy of the Romish Court is due altogether to the evil counsels of Cardinal Antonelli whom Austria is bent upon removing from power in order to put her favorite, and future candidate for the Triple Tiara, Cardinal Viale-Prela, and the storm now threatening may be avoided.

To show that the Pope is not the real obstacle to Italian reform, the *Opinione* of Turin publishes a letter from the Pope to the Emperor of Austria, written in 1849, in which his counsels to moderation, and his demands on behalf of Italian nationality, go a good deal further than the famous memorial presented by Count de Cavour to the Congress of Paris. The illustrious Marini, ex-president of the Venetian republic, has just written another letter to the Pope of Italy, in which, even more strongly than in his appeal of last spring, he urges the union of all hearts of their country around the banner of the house of Piedmont, as the true rallying point and ground of hope for Italy.

The Sardinian army is being brought back to Italy in great haste from the Crimea by English vessels, the latter government postponing the return of its own troops to hasten that of those of its ally. This step has naturally created considerable sensation here.

On Sunday, the grand international exhibition of cattle, poultry, and agricultural and horticultural products and implements, was opened in the Palace of the Champs Elysees. The entrance-fee being fixed at one franc, nearly nineteen thousand people entered. Should there be, as is expected and hoped, a couple of days at *four sous*, the place will be crammed to overflowing.

The exquisite taste of this people in all matters of arrangement and beautification is conspicuous, as usual, on the present occasion, and of the prosaic-seeming business of a cattle-show, they have contrived to make a charming spectacle, which, independent of its more serious interest, may well attract visitors from every point of Europe. In point of fact, guests are pouring in from all quarters; not in the torrent in which they arrived here, but in steady little streams which promise to leave few portions of Europe unrepresented—the greater part of these visitors, however, arriving from the British Isles, excursion trains being organized for the occasion between London and Paris, and bringing over extensive importations of "ye Englishe" every day of the week.

A more detailed account of this fine show must be reserved for my next letter. In the present one, I can only give a general description of the scene.

First, then, let your readers imagine the great body of the Nave, whilom filled with the most gorgeous products of artistic industry, covered with a deep layer of earth, on which has been laid a rich mantle of turf, cut from the grassy plains a few miles from Paris, and so generously manured, watered, and rolled, that it could really do no less than testify its gratitude by doing its best in the way of growing, and has shot up young blades and daisies in the most good tempered and obliging manner. This vast turfy plain is full of beds of flowers, most tastefully disposed, fountains, statues, clumps of exotic trees, and broad winding paths, nicely sanded and rolled, and forms, in short, a charming and delightful garden.

Around it, under the galleries, are placed the cattle, in long lines, running from the nave to the exterior walls. Each animal is in its own crib, as comfortable and clean as the utmost ingenuity can render it. The whole floor of these galleries is covered with an asphalte pavement, slanting, and amply provided with drainage. There the animals stand or lie, up to their knees in luxurious fodder, a plentifully supplied rack under their noses, and waited upon by their native herdsmen, each in his own national costume. The sight is really almost picturesque; for besides the various banners, flags, and emblems of each country, the Austrian keepers have their ornamented halters and goads, the Swiss their bells, &c.; to say nothing of the variety of the the animals themselves, and the extreme beauty of many of them.

In the upper galleries are displayed the various agricultural implements, farm and dairy utensils, samples of butter, cheese, grain, silk, wool, preserves, seeds, woods, cotton, manures, &c.

In the enclosed ground, behind the palace, large tents, called *hangars*, are erected for the accommodation of the Porcine and Ovine races, as also for the poultry; all of which, for divers and obvious reasons, could not be put into the Palace itself. Thanks to this arrangement, the air in the interior of the building is perfectly pure and sweet; redolent of flowers, hay, and the breath of the fine cattle so peacefully munching all day long in their stalls. The insufferable racket of the fowls is also allowed to dissipate itself in the open air, to the great saving of the tympana of the public.

The magnificent English Cattle have taken the French by surprise. They stand in amazement before the noble Durhams, plump Herefords, the neat little Ayrshires, and marvel if they can really be cattle! The United States are also well represented; and Austria makes a very brilliant show.

As the animals, though they have stood the journey admirably, can hardly fail to feel the effects of the ten days' confinement which they are now undergoing, the Juries were called upon to do their work as soon as the collection was complete, in order to judge of the rivals while in their force and freshness. The Exhibition was only opened to the public on the conclusion of their labors. The prizes will be delivered on Thursday; the trial of Instruments will take place on Friday; and the show will close on the 10th inst.

If a handsome share of prizes for cattle may be confidently attributed beforehand to Great Britain, equal honor, in the department of agricultural instruments, may be predicted, with equal confidence, to the United States. But in these points I shall have something more definite to say in my next.

For the present I can only add, that an international treaty for the protection of literary and artistic property, such as Great Britain has so long desired to see concluded between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race, has just been signed between France and Saxony; that M. Binet, the Astronomer, friend and co-laborer of La Place, has just died here at an advanced age; and that the preparations for the baptism of the Imperial baby are going on with great spirit at Notre Dame and the Hotel de Ville.

QUANTUM.

AFFAIRS IN NICARAGUA.—Late advices from Nicaragua say:—The steamship Granada, Captain Griffin, from New Orleans, arrived at Punta Arenas, (San Juan,) on the 17th ult., with a body of 105 soldiers destined for Walker's army, composed as follows:—Captain A. W. Marsh, with 64 rank and file; Col. John Allen, of Louisville, with 25 Kentuckians; Captain Geo Jones, with 10 Tennesseans, and about 5 or 7 Cuban exiles, who are also under the command of Col. Allen. Capt. Scott, having the Transit Company's steamboats in charge, immediately took them aboard and proceeded up the river. On the same day, a schooner, of about 300 tons, arrived, loaded with provisions for the use of the army. In the harbor laid the British mail steamer Dee, H. M. schooner Eurydice, and schooner Minnie Schaffer. The last named vessel had arrived about eight days previous to the Granada, with 170 men from New Orleans, under the charge of Col. J. A. Jaques.

Great distress and dissatisfaction exists among the soldiers of Gen. Walker's army, owing to the cholera and fever which prevails there to a terrible extent. There is also a scarcity of provisions. The country is under martial law, and every American and native has to obtain a pass signed by General Walker, before he can go beyond the boundaries of Nicaragua. If caught, the prisoner is subject to be shot. All letters and correspondence of the soldiers to their friends and families in the States, are intercepted by General Walker's officials, and the contents examined; if anything is found in them derogatory to the government, the letters are stopped. General Walker is now at Leon. It is understood that he will commence hostilities against Costa Rica as soon as fine weather sets in, which will be about the middle of July. This being the rainy season, it is impossible for him to do anything.

Great numbers of Walker's troops are deserting from the country in every direction. There are at present about 15 at Aspinwall, N. G., in a very destitute condition, being without money or friends, and many without health, and unable to procure employment. The pay private soldiers receive at present is about sixty cents each per week—this is for their washing; officers $3 and $5 a week. All articles of clothing very scarce. Medicines are also needed in the surgeons' departments.

A FATHER'S VENGEANCE.—The Revue Franco Italienne reports a terrible event as having occurred recently at Bolzano, in the Italian Tyrol. A schoolboy of the town school threw a stone at a peacock belonging to the masters, and killed it. The father of the child, when he heard of the circumstance, came forward voluntarily to pay the value of the bird.

But the two masters, who were priests, determined that the child must, nevertheless, receive exemplary chastisement. At a moment when all the other scholars went out for a walk, the "murderer" of the peacock was detained, and beaten till his back was broken. He died on the spot. The father, who was sent for by the people who heard the cries of the child, came at once to the school, and seeing his infant dead, fell upon the two priests and killed them by repeated stabs with a knife.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—On June 30th, the bill authorizing the issue of an additional number of arms for the State of California, was passed.

Mr. Douglas, from the Committee on Territories, to which had been referred the various bills relative to affairs in Kansas, made a voluminous report on the subject. It contains an elaborate argument in favor of the new bill reported by the Committee, which provides for the appointment of five Commissioners, to be elected from different sections of the Union, to represent fairly all political parties. They shall take a census of all the legal votes in the Territory, and make a fair apportionment of the Delegates to be elected in each county, to assemble and form a Constitution and State Government. When the apportionment shall have been thus made, the Commissioners shall remain in session every day except Sunday, at a place the most convenient to the inhabitants of the said Territory, to hear all complaints, examine witnesses, and correct all errors in said list of voters, which shall be previously printed and generally circulated through the Territory, and posted in at least three of the most public places in each voting precinct in each county. So soon as all the errors shall have been thus corrected in said lists, the Commissioners are requested to cause the corrected list of legal voters to be printed, and copies furnished to each judge of the election, to be put up at the places of voting, and circulated in every county of the Territory before the day of the election. No person shall be allowed to vote whose name does not appear as a legal voter; the election for delegates to take place on the day of the Presidential election, and the Convention to assemble on the first Monday in December, to decide first whether it be expedient for Kansas to come into the Union at that time, and if so decided, to proceed to form a Constitution and State Government, which shall be republican in form, and admitted on an equal footing with the original States.

The bill provides that no law shall be of *force*, or enforced in the Territory, infringing the liberty of speech or of the press, or the right of the people to bear arms, &c. It also provides for punishing illegal voting or frauds, and violence at the election, and authorizes the use of a military force for that purpose. The main point is, that the present inhabitants shall decide all points in dispute in Kansas, at a fair election, without fraud or violence, or any other improper influence.—All white male inhabitants over the age of 21 years, are to be allowed to vote, if they have resided in the country and Territory three months previous to the day of election, and no other test shall be required, no oath to support the Fugitive Slave Law, or any other law, nor any other condition whatsoever.

Mr. Douglas gave notice that he should ask to bring the bill to a vote on Wednesday next.

On July 1st, Mr. Case said that very grave transactions had occurred on the Pacific coast, according to the accounts just received, into which an examination ought to be made.—Gov. Stevens, of Washington Territory, had proclaimed martial law there, and arrested the Judge of the District Court, and sent him away some distance, and closed the Court. He did not desire to prejudice the case, but this certainly seemed a great assumption of power. He submitted a resolution calling on the President for the facts in relation to the matter.—The resolution was adopted.

The bill reported by Mr. Douglas, to authorize the Territory of Kansas to form a State Constitution, was then taken up.

Mr. Thompson, of Ky., said he was, to some extent, in favor of the measure reported yesterday, by the Committee on Territories, but would prefer to leave the Government to take strict measures with the territories, and trust them as a father did his bad boys, who used to give them a flogging every morning, because he knew they would do something wrong before night, to deserve it. [Laughter.] He thought it ridiculous that a young territory, only two years old, should set itself up against the lawful authorities of its progenitor. He wanted the laws enforced strictly, and would send enough military force to Kansas to do it. He then descanted on Mr. Fremont's qualifications for the Presidency, characterised the Republican Platform as able, patriotic, and sensible, but preferred the old Whig Platform of 1852, and would live and die under the Whig banner.

Mr. Bigler advocated the bill reported yesterday by the Committee on Territories, as being the best remedy for the existing troubles in Kansas.

Mr. Hale liked the bill very well. He thought it was a much fairer proposition than could have been expected, considering the source whence it emanated, but the difficulty was likely to be that the Administration, in carrying it out, would not do so in a fair and impartial manner. He pointed out other objections to the bill.

Mr. Adams moved to amend the bill, by striking out that part which gives the right of suffrage to all persons who shall have filed their declaration of intention to become citizens of the United States.

Mr. Crittenden hoped the amendment would be adopted. He thought those foreigners who had declared their intentions to become citizens had no more right to vote than those who had made no such declaration.

Without concluding the subject, the Senate adjourned.

On July 2d, the Chair laid before the Senate a communication from the Secretary of State, transmitting the original journal of the proceedings of the Board of American Commissioners at Paris, to liquidate and audit the claims of American citizens against the French Government, being for debts due them, and for the satisfaction of which provision was made, by the Convention, between the United States and France, April 30th, 1803.

Mr. Clayton said this report was made in answer to a resolution submitted by him some time ago. He desired to call attention to the document, because it completely refuted the ground upon which the President based his veto of the French Spoliation Bill.

That veto rested on the assumed basis that the claims for spoliations were all examined and allowed under the treaty of 1803. But this document discloses the fact that, so far from this, they were excluded for the reason that the Commissioners had nothing to do with them. He alluded to the fact many years since. He examined the subject when it was before the Senate, being a member of the Select Committee of which Daniel Webster was chairman. Mr. Webster took no part in the matter. Mr. Clayton being second on the Committee, investigated the subject, and reported the bill which, contrary to the expectations of many friends, passed both houses by decided majorities, but unfortunately encountered the veto of President Polk. Afterwards another bill, similar to that, passed Congress, but was vetoed by President Pierce. But the latter veto was not based upon the same reason as the former; and any Senator who would take the pains to examine the document now before the Senate, would see that the whole foundation of President Pierce's veto was an error in fact. He added that his sympathies were strongly in favor of these claimants, and he hoped something would be done for them.

The House bill, granting the right of way to the St. Louis and Iron Mountain Railroad Company, through the arsenal, magazine, and Jefferson barracks tracts, passed.

The Senate then resumed the consideration of the Kansas bill.

Mr. Wade said he stood up to advocate no new doctrine, but the great principle of equal rights to all men, black and white. That was the doctrine of the Fathers of the Republic. Alluding to the passage of the compromise measures of 1850, which were called a finality, he remarked that the Democratic party had put the present Administration into power upon the platform that they would resist slavery agitation. He did not know how they intended to resist, whether with bludgeons or otherwise. However, they had no right to resist the agitation of any subject appertaining to this government. He stood here to resist all attempts to infringe the right of free speech, whatever might be the consequences. He opposed the bill under consideration, and criticised the political course of his colleague.

Mr. Pugh replied. He said Mr. Wade had used language not becoming a gentleman, nor a Senator, nor a Black Republican, but language only becoming a blackguard. [Sensation.]

The Chair called to order.

Mr. Pugh said Mr. Wade had no right to charge him with loving slavery and hating liberty, and sharply rebuked on his colleague.

Mr. Bright says it cannot be disguised that there was an evident foreshadowing in Mr. Wade's remarks of the determination of the latter's party, if they could not be successful at the ballot box, to pull down the fair fabric of liberty, consecrated by the blood of our forefathers. He advocated the bill under consideration.

Mr. Clayton, at 5 o'clock, desired to speak, but did not care about addressing only a dozen Senators. Under these circumstances, he moved an adjournment. The motion was disagreed to.

The question was then taken on Mr. Adams' motion to strike out the clause giving the right of suffrage to all persons who shall have filed their declaration of intention to become citizens of the United States, in accordance with the naturalization laws.

No quorum voting, on motion of Mr. Douglas, the Sergeant-at-Arms was directed to compel the attendance of absent members.

A pause of fifteen minutes ensued, the absentees occasionally coming in.

Mr. Bell, of Texas, asked whether the decree for a night session was irrevocable—unalterable.

Mr. Douglas asked whether the decree to break up a quorum was irrevocable?

Mr. Bell.—Does the Senator allude to me?

Mr. Douglas.—Does the Senator allude to me?

Mr. Bell.—I do.

Mr. Douglas.—We have heard and overheard that it was the design to break up a quorum. Never has so much time been given for debate as on the Kansas question. We want an end to discussion. When the bill was up, on Monday, not one Senator who is now trying to deprive the Senate of a quorum spoke; yet they complain that time enough has not been allowed for debate.

Mr. Bell.—I do not stand here to defend or explain the conduct of Senators. I asked a civil question, and a parliamentary one.

The Chair said the debate was out of order.

Mr. Bell.—I have nothing unfair to disguise. I am anxious that this bill shall pass, but with some modifications.

Mr. Douglas, a quorum now being in attendance, called for another vote on Mr. Adams' amendment, which was adopted by a vote of 22 to 18.

Mr. Wilson moved to strike out all after the enacting clause of the bill, and insert "that all Acts passed by the Legislature of Kansas, or any assembly acting as such, be, and the same are hereby abrogated and declared void and of no effect."

Mr. Crittenden said it seemed to him that some explanation was required. Was this remedy for the disturbance in Kansas complete and entire?

Mr. Wilson replied that the Bill, in his judgment, was designed to make Kansas a slave State. As the report just made to the House shows, 4,000 Missourians forced on the people of the Territory a Legislature which had passed inhuman and unchristian enactments, and which had occasioned all the troubles there. His proposition was designed as preliminary to other legislation, to protect the people in their rights, and punish all violations of the laws of the country.

Mr. Weller—The proposition simply is to repeal all the laws, and settle the dispute by physical force.

Mr. Toombs—That's a good way. Nobody objects to that.

Mr. Seward would, with the greatest pleasure, vote for Mr. Wilson's amendment. The present bill can have no other tendency and effect than to confirm the object of the passage of the law abrogating the Missouri Compromise, and forming a slave State out of Kansas. There is no code, there are no laws, there is no legal society in Kansas, other than in the organic Act of 1854. The government of that Territory is a usurpation and a tyranny, and there is no legal, as there is no moral obligation to treat it with the least respect. The House, more true to freedom than the Senate, sent a commission thither, and the report would establish these facts beyond all question. The day for compromises has ended.

Mr. Toombs—I'm glad of it.

Mr. Seward—And we am I. We henceforth take our stands on the Constitution.

Mr. Toombs, interrupting—On the higher law.

Mr. Seward, continuing—They who stand there are firm, and those who do not occupy a slippery and untabernacled foot-hold.

Mr. Toombs—I think so when you get on the higher law.

Mr. Crittenden said the proposition of Mr. Wilson would increase to a boundless extent the existing evils. He (Mr Crittenden) would compromise to the last moment of time, provided they could preserve the original principles on which the government was erected. The present crisis demanded of every Senator serious and solemn consideration. He earnestly appealed to gentlemen to come forward in a liberal spirit, and do justice to all sections of the country. He almost despaired when those from whom he had expected so much seemed disposed to do so little.

Mr. Clayton said he had served long in public life, but never, from the first day he entered this hall, had he believed the country in so much danger as now. His desire was in other gentlemen of both sides compromise. Alas! This day they had heard a word dear to American statesmen treated with levity. They had been told that the time for compromise had passed. If so, the period of the duration of this Republic is gone. In the spirit of compromise, he had introduced a bill to abrogate all the laws of Kansas manifestly unjust, including those regulating the elections, requiring an oath to support the Fugitive Slave law, and abridging the liberty of speech and of the press. He explained his proposition, and predicted that, if the bill now pending should become a law, the application of Kansas for admission as a State into the Union at the next session, will produce an excitement greatly exceeding the fury and violence of 1820. He preferred that Kansas should undergo pupilage before her admission as a State.

Mr. Hale said that one objection he had to the bill was that he was not willing to trust its execution to the present Executive, in whom he had not the slightest confidence. If the Senator from Kentucky has such a high opinion of compromises that will come with healing on their wings to the whole country—if such is his belief, what compromise will do? Was it not the first dictates of patriotism, prudence and justice to see what the effect will be of restoring the great Compromise of 1850? He believed, with Mr. Crittenden, that these are perilous times.

Mr. Toombs said that when he, (Mr. Toombs) submitted a pure ballot-box with all that power could throw around it, and with the entire military force of this great country to protect it, he was met by the tender from Mr. Wilson, backed by Mr. Seward, of the cartridge box. If he believed the free States ready for that, he would be content. He had no compromise to offer but principle. But he did not believe that those men here represent the feelings of the North. He did not know what claim they had to speak for the North. He had no "higher law." He despised the man who had. He looked upon him as a wretch who would steep his conscience in perjury in order to get the advantages of place.

Mr. Bigler could scarcely imagine that Mr. Wilson's amendment was to be pressed on the consideration of the Senate, and was seriously intended as a remedy for existing evils. He believed one of the reasons for offering it was to place those who vote against it in an attitude sanctioning all the laws which exist in Kansas. He regarded the pending bill as the best measure for restoring peace and order in Kansas.

Mr. Wilson would say to Mr. Crittenden that if the bill shall pass it will not meet the object gentlemen profess to have in view. He believed that the bill was intended to crown the labors of the last six months, and make Kansas a slave State. The Senator from New York was rudely assailed because he declared his opposition to compromise on the question of slavery, in which the North always had been defrauded and cheated. The freemen from the North have been driven out of that territory; have been ordered out by you?

Mr. Crittenden—Not me?

Mr. Wilson—I will say by the masters of Kansas and the masters of this Administration—the Border Ruffians of Missouri—the men who conquered the territory and the men who govern at the other end of the Avenue, if they do not govern here. He defended the Free State movements in Kansas, and said, among other things, withdraw Governor Shannon and send there a sober, honest, competent man to execute the laws. What he (Mr. Wilson) told the Senate on the 18th of January last has come to pass. Shannon has made a civil war, and been wandering up and down the territory, telling the woman that if he could find their husbands he would cut their d——d hearts out. He defended himself and his coadjutors from Mr. Toombs' charge of their being traitors, enemies to liberty, and hostile to the institutions of the common country, and descanted on the principles and fair prospects of the Republican party.

Mr. Bigler wished to know what Mr. Wilson meant by applying to him the term "jubilant Senator." [Laughter.]

Mr. Wilson explained that he referred to the exultant tone in which Mr. Bigler spoke yesterday of Mr. Buchanan being elected President, while he invited the Senator from Kentucky (Mr. Thompson) to get into the boat before it was full.

Mr. Bigler was satisfied with the explanation, because the remark was confined to a particular case. If Mr. Wilson thought he was in that humor under his speech, there was a mistake.

Mr. Wilson said he did not suppose Mr. Bigler would be jubilant after the November election. [Laughter.] In answer to Mr. Toombs' eulogium on President Pierce, he said that Pierce stood before the Cincinnati Convention with the blood of the murdered people of Kansas dripping from his hands, but after doing Slavery's work was flung, like a worthless thing, away. He did not want any more of that man's control in Kansas, as the pending bill proposed.

Mr. Clayton maintained that the Missouri Compromise was an unconstitutional provision originally, and quoted the authority of Mr. Madison, not heretofore presented to the Senate.

Mr. Trumbull said that many features of the bill met his approbation. In condemning the state of affairs in Kansas, he said there was no such thing as constructive treason, and yet the leaders of the Free State party are in prison under this trumped up charge. The officers there are acting out the designs of the men who invaded the territory. He gave his objections to the bill, saying, if it shall pass, it will not give peace to Kansas.

[The debate had now reached midnight, and there was an evident determination not to come to a vote before adjourning.]

Mr. Bell, of Tennessee, said every gentleman who had looked into the question must know that this agitation will continue to go on until finally settled by the admission of Kansas, as a State into the Union. If he had the power he would crush this hydra headed monster at once, so it should not go into the Presidential election. The bill pending meets the case too promptly. The time is too short for its execution. During the turbulence of the Presidential election, that measure which is not likely to give satisfaction to the country. He did not believe that any measure could be adopted that would give entire satisfaction. He preferred Mr. Clayton's bill, leaving out the Federal ratio of representation. Abolish and abrogate the unjust and obnoxious laws, and let the people go on, under the provisions of the bill, to establish a State Government, and meanwhile elect a new Legislative Assembly.

At 12½ o'clock, Mr. Crittenden moved for an adjournment.

Mr. Johnson said it was a late hour, and the same might have been said two hours ago. If they could have a moment of silence amid this profound sighing and deep breathing, [laughter] he trusted the Senate would come to a vote.

Mr. Seward said generally a session lasted three or four hours, but the present session had already occupied fourteen. He would say to Mr. Crittenden he was not against all compromise, but against a compromise involving moral right, political justice, or high political expediency. By no act of his should any man be held in slavery. On this he could not compromise.

Mr. Seward concluded by advocating his bill for the admission of Kansas with the Topeka Constitution.

Mr. Reid replied to Mr. Seward's remarks relative to slavery, saying that when the majority of the people of the North became prepared to enforce the doctrine declared by Mr. Seward, this Union cannot last an hour longer.

Several amendments, of a comparatively unimportant character, were adopted, and others rejected.

Mr. Geyer offered an amendment, that no law shall be made, or have force or effect, which shall require a test oath, or an oath to support any act of Congress, or other Legislative act as a qualification for any civil office, or office of public trust, or for any employment or profession, or to serve as a juror, or to vote at an election, or which shall impose any tax upon, or condition to, exercise the right of suffrage by any qualified voter, or which shall restrain or prohibit the free discussion of any law or subject of legislation in the Territory or the free expression of opinion thereon by the people of the Territory.

This amendment gave rise to a debate involving the question of squatter sovereignty, and whether Congress ought to interfere, as proposed, having left the people to settle their own affairs.

Mr. Cass said that some acts passed by the Legislature of Kansas were disgraceful to the age. How could the people properly pass laws, unless they have the right of free discussion?

The amendment was then adopted.

Mr. Wilson's and Mr. Seward's amendments were severally rejected. The bill was then passed by a vote of 33 yeas to 12 nays.

YEAS—Messrs. Allen, Bayard, Bell, of Tenn., Benjamin, Biggs, Bigler, Bright, Brodhead, Brown, Cass, Clay, Crittenden, Douglas, Hunter, Iverson, Johnson, Jones, of Iowa, Mallory, Pratt, Pugh, Reid, Sebastian, Slidell, Stuart, Thompson, of Kentucky, Toombs, Toucey, Weller, Wright, and Yulee.

NAYS—Messrs. Bell, of New Hampshire, Fessenden, Dodge, Durkee, Fessenden, Foot, Fusher, Hale, Seward, Trumbull, and Wade.

On motion of Mr. Cass, 10,000 copies of the bill were ordered to be printed, and at 3 o'clock the Senate adjourned.

On July 3rd, at noon, the President *pro tem.* took the Chair, but not a single Senator appeared in the Chamber but himself. The only persons present on the floor, were the Secretary of the Senate, Sergeant-at-Arms, and two pages. In the galleries were two spectators, and the reporters were represented by a single reporter.

The Chair announced the signing of several enrolled bills, including the Kansas bill, and then, in accordance with a previous understanding, declared the Senate adjourned until Monday.

In the HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, on June 30th, Mr. Grow made his closing speech in favor of the bill for the admission of Kansas into the Union, and opposing all the substitutes for the measure under consideration.

A motion to commit the bill was voted down. Mr. Dunn moved an amendment restoring the Missouri Compromise, which was adopted by seven majority. A motion to table the bill was negatived.

The question then recommencing on the bill, it was rejected—yeas 106, nays 107.

The announcement of the result was received by the clapping of hands and vociferous joy by the opponents of the bill, while its friends exhibited signs of disappointment and mortification. Amid the confusion which ensued, the House adjourned.

On July 1st, Mr. Barclay moved a reconsideration of the vote by which the House rejected the bill for the admission of Kansas into the Union. He expressed his belief that the people of any territory have the legal and constitutional right to meet and form a State Constitution without the authority of anybody in the world, and that the formation of a Territorial Government was an assumption unwarranted by the Constitution of the United States. He had been informed that warrants were in the hands of the Marshal of this District, for the arrest of a distinguished gentleman from Pennsylvania for treason. He regarded this as the most farcical and absurd proceeding the world ever saw, and dissented from the course pursued by the officials of Kansas, relative to all similar indictments; although he had preferred the bill of Mr. Stephens, he would now vote for the bill rejected yesterday, in order to give the people of Kansas that protection to which they are entitled, in the enjoyment of their rights.

Mr. Houston said it was very much to be regretted that, after questions creating great excitement had been disposed of, there could always be found some gentleman hanging on the skirts of a party who could be reached by influences not known to other members.

Mr. Barclay—Will the gentleman from Alabama be kind enough to repeat that remark?

Mr. Houston replied that his health would not permit it. He did not intend to impeach the integrity of the gentleman from Pennsylvania, but only intended to express his regret that the gentleman's mind was not made up previous to the final vote by which the consequent excitement should have been quieted. He did not know how Mr. Barclay could vote for a bill which recognises the Topeka Constitution, which was not only framed in the absence of law, but in conflict with law. He appealed to Mr. Barclay to close up this excitement, and to hush it altogether, instead of, by insisting on his motion to reconsider, extending the influences for evil.

Mr. Barclay replied that he voted for the appointment of the Kansas Investigation Committee, because he wished to know whether the report of outrages in that Territory were true or not. He would inform the gentleman from Alabama that he was not to be intimidated, and no influences outside of his conscientious conviction of duty could be brought to bear upon him. He made the motion honestly.

Mr. Orr inquired of Mr. Barclay what he expected to accomplish by moving a reconsideration of the vote by which the bill was rejected?

Mr. Barclay replied, with a view of voting for its passage, and recording his sentiments as a representative of Pennsylvania against these outrages.

Mr. Orr asked—If this is the gentleman's object, why did he not yesterday vote for the bill?

Mr Barclay repeated that he preferred Mr. Stephens's bill, but that, for political purposes, was encumbered with the proposition to restore the Missouri restriction, and this was objectionable to him. He held himself responsible to no man in the House for his political action. He did as he thought he had a right to do.

Mr. Houston said he did not impeach Mr. Barclay's integrity, but expressed his astonishment that the gentleman should have, after voting against the bill, changed his mind in the short period of a summer's night.

Mr. Barclay remarked that he never said he disapproved of the principles of that bill.

Mr. Houston—The gentleman had, in the strongest language, condemned the bill, by yesterday voting against it.

Mr. Bennett, of New York, raised a question of order, that Mr Houston could not lecture or reflect on another member for moving a reconsideration of the vote.

Mr. Houston—I have done neither.

Mr. Barclay—I appeal to the gentleman from New York to permit the gentleman from Alabama to go on to his heart's content.

Mr. Bennett acquiesced.

Mr. Houston resumed, saying that he only wished to express his regret that his friend from Pennsylvania had not made up his mind sooner.

Mr. Dunn understood Mr. Barclay to say that the former's proposition to restore the Missouri Compromise was designed for political purposes. Nothing of the kind had entered his mind. He did not agree with Mr. Barclay, that the people of Kansas have the right to establish slavery.

Mr. Barclay—I had no intention to cast the slightest imputation on the gentleman.

Mr. Dunn—I supposed not.

Mr. Houston moved that Mr. Barclay's motion to reconsider be laid on the table.

Before further action was taken, Mr. Howard rose to a question of privilege, wishing to make a report from the Kansas Investigating Committee. A debate ensued, involving the point, that if the report should be received as complete, it would preclude Mr. Oliver, of Missouri, from substituting the minority report.

The Speaker said a report in part could be made, with the consent of the House.

Mr. Howard, in reply to an inquiry, said that the report contained everything which the Committee wished to present, but he expressed the hope that Mr. Oliver would be allowed a reasonable time to make his report.

Mr. Oliver said that he was not with his colleagues when they prepared their report, nor had he any right to anticipate its character. It was impossible for him to prepare a minority report without knowing the contents of that prepared by the majority.

Mr. Sherman explained that he and Mr. Howard arrived here on Saturday morning, and Mr. Oliver on that evening, when the latter was told that the report had been prepared, and was at his service.

Mr. Oliver replied that he was then fatigued with travel, and the next day being Sunday, he could not be expected then to enter upon a laborious investigation.

Other explanations followed, during which Mr. Florence remarked that he understood, from what had been said, that the report had not been finally submitted to the Committee, and therefore it could not be received as the report of that Committee.

Much confusion prevailed throughout the proceedings, and a contest ensued, the House being divided as to whether the report should be read or not. Various points of order were raised in succession.

Mr. Jones of Tennessee, hoped that his party friends would withdraw their objections.

Finally, Mr. Hickman successfully moved that the report be read, and the members, the better to hear it, drew up their seats in the area fronting the clerk's desk. The clerk then proceeded to the reading of the Report:—

The Report shows that, as soon as the bill to organize the territory of Kansas was passed, a large number of the citizens of Missouri went into the territory and held squatter meetings, passed resolutions denouncing Abolitionists, and declaring that slavery existed therein. In the autumn of 1854, a secret political society, called the Blue Lodge, was formed, the plan of operations, oaths, etc., of which are given by the report. This Lodge controlled all the subsequent movements and invasions on the part of the Missourians. At the election on November 29, 1854, for a delegate to Congress, there was no fraud, except in the sparsely settled and remote districts, where Missouri citizens appeared and voted.

Details in relation to these facts are given in the report, which says it is reduced to mathematical precision, that seventeen hundred illegal and non-resident votes were cast by citizens of Missouri, and the remainder were eleven hundred legal votes. Whitfield received a plurality, and would have been elected without the aid of his Missouri friends.

During the winter, very great excitement existed on account of the invasion; public meetings were held, and much bitter feeling was manifested. In February, 1855, a census was taken, and the nuber of legal voters was ascertained to be two thousand nine hundred and five. It was also discovered that, on the 30th of March, 1855, several days before the election, active preparations went on in Missouri, where a complete organization was effected. Leaders were appointed; tents, provisions, ammunition and arms distributed, and the forces were divided into companies in Missouri; and on the day of election, at least five hundred citizens of Missouri, it is testified, took up the line of march for Kansas. Companies went into every council and representative district in that Territory but one. The great mass of testimony consists in detailing

GLANCES AT MY LAST CRUISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY A U. S. NAVAL OFFICER.

A DISAGREEABLE ALTERNATIVE.

During one of the days of the early part of April, 1853, the "Old John" steamed around and through the Anakirima group of islands, and with the approach of evening let go *her* anchor in a quiet cove, whose waters were fairly protected by opposite and surrounding heights. But let me say a word about this Anakirima group of islands, whose very name it took me a week to remember and pronounce with the proper accent.

They are situated about twenty miles to the eastward of the great Loo-Choo island, belong to that singular people, are apparently of volcanic origin, and offer but slight promise of agricultural yield on their rugged sides and rocky heights. The lower order of Loo-Chooans and a few goats and deer are their only occupants. These latter being found in a wild state on two of the islands. The unpretending villages of these simple people are found in various sea-side coves, or snugly stowed away in retreating ravines or concealed valleys, as if they feared being seen from the sea, and were anxious to remove as much as possible from the observation of passing strangers. They are a remarkably inoffensive, as well as simple people: rather shy, extremely cringing in manner, and *superlatively* cunning. In this latter, I think they excel even the Japanese. The latitude of their groups is 26° 12' north, and its longitude 127° 14' east, and their year is divided into the calm and windy seasons. It was our good fortune to be among them during the former period, and the sea was consequently beautifully calm and smooth, enabling us to prosecute our work of surveying without interruption, but we were told that when the windy season *did* come, that they were subject to tempests of destroying violence.

The largest of these islands is not more than three miles in length, by a mile in breadth, and altogether they do not number over a dozen or fifteen, including islets or detached rocks, and yet we found several very fair anchorages, and one remarkable fine harbor, among their winding channels and under their sheltering heights. And now let us turn to the "disagreeable alternative."

It was in one of these fair anchorages that our old craft was now resting herself, while her boats were engaged in sounding out the various nooks and corners of the winding channels, or awaiting in some quiet cove the return of their officers, who might be absent in the not always successful effort to climb a neighboring peak for the purpose of gaining a commanding elevation from which to obtain "a round of angles," assisting to locate the various prominent points and any lurking rocks that might be in view, from their elevated position.

As a matter of course, (there being but four of us, including the Captain, to look out for the ship and survey besides,) I was one of these hill-side discoverers upon the present occasion, and having hauled up the boat above high water mark, upon a smooth, white sand beach, and left her in charge of several of the crew, I had taken the remaining two with me, and entered upon the scaling of an overhanging peak, which had been pointed out to me before leaving the ship. Each one of us had his hands full, considering the hill that we were to climb; one of the men having a pole and flag, the other a spy-glass and a roll of sketching-paper, while I was almost loaded down with a sextant-box under my left arm, a revolver at my waist, and a pair of six pound "expedition boots" upon my heels. The revolver I carried simply because it was the order for us to *go around*, and the boots I dragged along because the natives had warned us of the existence of snakes, whose bite always put *people to sleep*, which latter we interpreted as meaning death.

Our road was quite navigable, not that there was any road, but simply from the fact that the undergrowth was not absolutely impassable. At the end of a half hour's tramp, however, things began to look different; we were about half way up the mountain, the thick undergrowth was rapidly giving place to rocks, ravines, and spare patches of grass, and what earth there was, was of that crumbling nature that makes a climber *feel well* before he trusts his weight on the advancing foot. We came to a halt, set our various burthens on the ground at our feet, drew a long breath, and commenced looking around. It was our first attempt at climbing for some months, and our knees already began to feel shaky, while the upward prospect was more *stupendous* than ever.

How in the world were we *ever* to get up to the top of that peak? I asked *myself*, as the eye searched in vain for a favoring ridge or firmer foot-hold.

It was a hard question, one that could only be answered by trial, and so we resumed our burthens, and undertook its toilsome solution.

Another half hour passes, and we still gaze upward at the point of destination, and call another halt; for the friendly bushes, whose firmly imbedded roots had heretofore offered a secure hold for our unemployed hands, had now given place to thin clumps of grass, that a good jerk would pull out, roots and all. The earth, too, had become even more crumbling and unreliable as we got higher, and the rocky ravines deeper and more frequent, as well as more unsafe of approach. Again we continue the arduous ascent, and again call a halt from sheer *fatigue*. Now, however, we no longer halted in company, for as soon as Brown, who was some fifty yards below Smith, and Jones, who was about the same distance below Brown, as soon as they saw me—Smith—put down my box, and seat *myself* upon a friendly rock, they took the proceeding in the light of an order, and did likewise.

Now, if the reader has ever been one of a party engaged in the undertaking of climbing a mountain, he already knows how easy it is to follow the example of those ahead when they stop for a moment's breathing, and the action of Brown and Jones will need no farther excuse.

It was now indeed difficult to see how we were to get along any farther; nevertheless, as the entire work of the day would be injuriously affected did we give it up, I could not well avoid making another trial. At it we went, therefore, with renewed vigor, and the way in which we progressed was after this wise:

Smith having been joined by Brown and Jones, left his box with them and climbed some feet higher, from whence he reached down for all the burthens, and having deposited them at his feet, climbed still higher, while Brown and Jones ascended to the place he had just left, and passed them up to the new elevation. This was ticklish work, but it was also the best that we could do. I look back to it *now*, and think what a great booby Smith was. *Then* I regarded him as a very energetic surveyor, generously risking his bones in the cause of science.

At last *we could get no higher*, and what was worse, we began to think that we might find some difficulty in ever *getting down again*. We couldn't well make up our minds, however, to remain all night upon the mountain's side, and so proceeded at once to make the attempt. I had often heard the expression, "it is much easier to ascend than to descend a precipice," and had frequently tested its truth in my own previous rambles, but I had never before glanced around me and felt that there was a strong probability of my breaking my neck within the disagreeably short space of ten minutes.

Each one now took charge of his own load, and commenced the descent. Smith, with his sextant-box under his left arm, Brown, with his spy-glass slung over his back, while Jones, having nothing that could be broken, relieved himself entirely of his by pitching it some hundred yards down the hill-side; thus gaining the free use of his hands. Each one also selected his own road, and in the choice, I, Smith, went most woefully to leeward. I thought that with only one hand to steady myself, I should do better along the rocky edge of a neighboring ravine, but after some little time, the projecting foot-holds of rock became less frequent, and their places were taken up by the crumbling earth and loosely rooted bunches of grass. Still, as there now remained but some eight or ten feet between me and a bed of rocks, from which the ground sloped off quite safely, I determined to trust to the light soil for a partial support to my foot, hoping to sustain much of my weight from a more healthy looking bunch of grass, whose roots felt quite solid under my grasp.

It was a fatal mistake.

The earth gave way entirely under my cautious foot, I tried to recover myself when too late, and was left with my whole weight suspended from the grass; should that fail me also, I should slide helplessly into the rugged and apparently fathomless fissure, which was now just mid-way between me and the bed of rocks which formed one of its broken sides. *There* was no time *to think* either, for at any moment the roots might draw; action, immediate action, was what was wanted, and yet I shrank from the only course to safety, from the "disagreeable alternative."

The rocky bed already alluded to, was now some four feet lower than my feet, and about five or six feet to the right. It was full of holes, and the sharp-pointed rocks peered up here and there through a rank undergrowth, in which a thousand snakes might have coiled themselves without being seen, and as we had already killed one most villainous looking rascal while sunning himself in a very similar locality, I shuddered at the idea of springing bodily over the yawning fissure into the uninviting berth whose only recommendation was that it was level, and whose draw-backs were so numerous. Besides, I was not certain but that I might fall short in my spring, and *drop into* the fissure instead of upon its far edge, for having no foothold to spring from, I should have to cast myself bodily from the side of the mountain by means of my elbows, chest, knees, and subsequently, my hands and feet. It was about the tightest place that I can look back upon during that eventful cruise, and as I look back I shudder. That bodily leap was the "disagreeable alternative;" I must either accomplish it, or finally sink into the ready fissure from sheer exhaustion or the up-rooting of the grass; one or the other must shortly take place.

My first thought was to tax the strength of the grass as little as possible, and to that end I let the box slip from under my left arm, dug my elbows and knees into the soft earth, pressed my breast close to that of the mountain, and feeling the friction thus created relieve my arm of considerable weight, listened to the descending box as it rolled again at the unseen sides of the fissure, and began to think.

In the meantime Brown and Jones were in a terrible state of excitement. The noise of the falling box caused them to look around and discover my almost pendant position, while, from the nature of the ground, they felt to ally unable to render me the slightest assistance. I do believe that their feelings were of as an unpleasant a nature as my own, though probably a shade less vivid. Brown seeing the utter hopelessness of effecting a rescue, resolved himself into a fit of spasmodic suggestiveness, commencing his advice by cautioning me to "hold on hard," while Jones immediately commenced re-climbing to the scene of action, singing out, "Stand by to jump, sir, if you slip," both of which admonitions only served to give me a darker idea of what was before, or rather under me.

"Never fear, Brown," I replied, "I guess it's all right. I don't expect to let go until I'm ready. It's not much after all."

I couldn't help thinking, however, that it was much, for the fissure was at least three feet wide, and the pointed rocks upon which (if successful) I was to alight *face first*, looked sharper than ever, while I imagined every motion of a leaf or twig to be caused by some alarmed reptile preparing to receive me. I shrank from this "disagreeable alternative," and felt the cold drops of the moment's excitement leak through my contracted brow, as a sickly shiver passed through my frame, carrying with it apparently half of my strength and courage.

"What kind of a berth does it look like from where you are, Brown?" I asked, as he pitched the fragment of a rock into a tangled brushwood which almost covered it, and advised me to "break my ground *strong*, and jump *well clear* of the fissure."

"Well it looks bad enough, sir! Them pinted rocks is jest like so many bagonets; howsomever you mought fetch up atwixt two on em."

I thought this latter extremely improbable, and continued my occupation of getting up a certain amount of friction between myself and the mountain.

I hung in this way probably as much as a minute listening to Brown's excited suggestions, and feeling far from comfortable. I felt what was to be done, but revolted from the idea. The prospect of breaking several bones, of being run through the body by one of the "bagonets," or of alighting among several nests of snakes, was almost as bad as that held out by a pitch down the fissure. At last I was helped to action in a most unpleasant way. My right hand grasped the bunch of grass, and before making the leap I must take it in my *left*, as the fissure was to my right. Cautiously I commenced the exchange, watching the straining fibres with an anxious eye, and keeping my muscles braced for the jump should they fail me before I was ready.

Just then I caught the sullen glare of two other eyes—sullen and leaden, and yet bright and sparkling also with alarmed rage. They belonged to the flattened head of an ugly-looking snake, whose sinuous body and uplifted crest indicated an active readiness for either flight or attack.

I gazed and shuddered. I shudder now, as the mind's eye returns to those flaming specks of rage which flashed their angry light within a foot of my nerveless hand. I looked back to the commencement of time, and read the truth of holy writ in their expression of deadly hostility.—"And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel." After a lifetime of hesitation and unbelief, I ceased to hesitate, and believed that God was God, and that I was but dust. The prayer of extreme peril—"Lord have mercy upon me, a miserable sinner"—struggled in my troubled heart, and nerved me to the desperate leap. * * *

It was over. The very edge of the fissure received me on its shelving side, bruised, panting, weak as an infant, and yet with whole bones and safety. It seemed as if the strength of a dozen men had rushed through my frame, and thrown me bodily from the glaring eyes of that lifted crest, leaving me with the cold drops upon my brow, and a sickening feeling of overtaxed muscle throughout my limbs.

Slowly I regained my feet, rubbed my bruised side with half-numbed hands, looked back at the now absent snake, and at the friendly clump of grass whose torn and drooping blades gave ample proof of the service they had rendered, and as I picked my way through the "bayonets" and thick undergrowth, silently vowed never again to volunteer for an exploring and surveying expedition around the world. And now I will add another line to this already long letter.

A few days since I was asked by a friend—"How much of your last 'glance' was true, and how much fiction?"

"It was *all true*," I replied. "The 'Old John' and everything connected with her are unfortunately only too real.

☞ "When I have a cold in my head," said a gentleman in company, "I am always remarkably dull and stupid." "You are to be pitied, then, sir," replied another, "for I don't remember ever to have seen you without a cold in your head."

AN OLD-FASHIONED ENGLISH KITCHEN.

Every one remembers the contemptuous colloquy between the "Auld Brig" and the "New Brig," overheard, and reported in choice verse, by Robert Burns. One might imagine a similar scene between the kitchen of the old time and the kitchen of the new. How curious such a mixture of the barn and the smoke-house, the workshop and the store-room, as our picture represents, seems, contrasted with the modern reality of the kitchen! Look at your compact cook-stove, or convenient cooking-range, and then at this huge, ancient fire-place! "Look at that picture, and then at this!" Observe those heavy rafters—the solid stairway—the rude oven—the various grotesque features of this interior! Is there a single lineament in your ceiled kitchen to match these with? Notice the antiquated baby-walker, and remember the baby-jumper of modern "innovators!" The whole scene is worth a real brown study.

We call our cut a view of an old-fashioned English kitchen, but we imagine we should not have to steam across the Atlantic and retrace the centuries to find its kindred. No doubt there are many such even in this day of improvement, and in America. We have one in our mind, not many miles from us, which tallies well with our engraving. And undoubtedly many sections of the country could furnish more.

TRAVELLING BY RAIL.

We move in the dark, ponderous row,
The forms of gazing friends retire;
The roof withdraws, and quaintly flow
The bending lines of magic wire.
In the fresh morning, cool and gray,
With doubling and redoubling beat;
Through the clear air we cleave our way,
And onward glide, ever more fleet.

By flower-knots, hedgerows, slopes of grass,
Cut walls of rock, and glimpsed at plains,
'Neath winking bridges swift we pass,
And flying meet the flying trains.
Up starts a ruin, gray and old,
With portal wrought of carven stone;
We fain would sketch its outline bold,
But, with a whistle shrill, speed on.

A hamlet lane, white dwellings low,
And granges busier than they seem;
Inn, pond, and church, which come and go—
The panorama of a dream.
Smooth-edged canals, and mills on brooks;
Trim corn-fields, counter-changing trees;
A manor-house of solemn looks,
Where building rooks caw in the breeze.

Dark, roaring tunnels, deep and long;
Gray vapor-surges whirled by wind;
Close streets and squares where workers throng;
Then sky and landscape unconfined.
Broad vents and chimneys tall, which flank
Huge heaps of coke, and cinders dun;
One rank glides in with hiss and clank,
Our boldly-measured course is run.

—*Ladies' Companion.*

JUDICIAL CHARACTERS.

Lord Cockburn, in his "Memorials," gives some graphic portraits of the Scottish Judges of Edinburgh of 1793-94. Among these is the savage, brutal Lord Braxfield, whose indecent behavior on the bench to prisoners in the most awful peril was only capped, it may be, by the lighter jocularities of the Irish hanging-judge, who figures so gaily as *Baron Boulter*, in Lady Morgan's "Florence Macarthy."

Says Lord Cockburn:—

"Mr. Horner (the father of Francis), who was one of the jurors in Muir's case, told me that when he was passing, as was often done then, behind the bench to get into the box, Braxfield, who knew him, whispered—'Come awa, Maister Horner, come awa, and help us to hang ane o' thae deamned scoondrels.' The reporter of Gerald's case could not venture to make the prisoner say more than that 'Christianity was an innovation.' But the full truth is, that in stating this view he added that all great men had been reformers, 'even our Saviour himself.' 'Muckle he made o' that,' chuckled Braxfield, in an under voice, 'he was hanget.' Before Hume's Commentaries had made our criminal record intelligible, the forms and precedents were a mystery understood by the initiated alone, and by nobody so much as by Mr. Joseph Norris, the ancient clerk. Braxfield used to quash anticipated doubts by saying—'Hoot! just gie me Josie Norrie and a gude jury, an' I'll doo for the fallow.'"

But the crown jewel among the precious legal oddities collected by Lord Cockburn, was Lord Eskgrove.

The tediousness of this person on the bench was as remarkable as his pronunciation:—

"Brougham tormented him, and sat on his skirts wherever he went, for above a year. The Justice liked passive counsel who let him dawdle on with culprits and juries in his own way; and consequently he hated the talent, the eloquence, the energy, and all the discomposing qualities of Brougham. At last it seemed as if a court day was to be blessed by his absence, and the poor Justice was delighting himself with the prospect of being allowed to deal with things as he chose; when, lo! his enemy appeared—tall, cool, and resolute. 'I declare,' said the Justice, 'that man Broom, or Broug-ham, is the torment of my life!' His revenge, as usual, consisted in sneering at Brougham's eloquence, by calling it or him *the Harangue*. 'Well, gentlemen, what did the Harangue say next? Why it said this' (mis-stating it); 'but, here, gentlemen, the Harangue was most plainly wrongg, and not intelligibill.' As usual, then, with stronger heads than his, everything was connected by his terror with republican horrors. I heard him, in condemning a tailor to death, for murdering a soldier by stabbing him, aggravate the offence thus, 'and not only did you murder him, whereby he was bereaved of his life, but you did thrust, or push, or pierce, or project, or propell, the le-thall weapon through the belly-band of his regimen-tal breeches, which were His Majesty's!' In the trial of Glengarry for murder in a duel, a lady of great beauty was called as a witness. She came into court veiled. But before administering the oath, Eskgrove gave her this exposition of her duty—'Youngg woman! you will now consider yourself as in the presence of Almighty God, and of this High Court. Lift up your veil; throw off all modesty, and look me in the face.'"

The following, too, must be given by way of finishing touches to the picture of Eskgrove:—

"He rarely failed to signalize himself in pronouncing sentences of death. It was almost a matter of style with him to console the prisoner by assuring him that, 'whatever your religi-ous persua-shon may be, or even if, as I suppose, you be of no persua-shon at all, there are plenty of rever-end gentlemen who will be most happy for to show you the way to yeternal life.'"

A NOBLEMAN OF SENSE.

The French nobility were never conspicuous in history for their morality or soundness of judgment. Their frivolity is known to a proverb, and their ridiculous presumption contributed more, perhaps, than anything else, to the blood-stained French Revolution. The *emigres* whom the Reign of Terror scattered over the whole of Europe, did not do much towards redeeming the character of their order. But there were also among them many worthy individuals, who desired a position better than that of a fashionable beggar, and of those, one of the most distinguished was M. d'Albignac. He had lost his all, fortune and family, in the political deluge—and saved nothing but his rather handsome person. His circumstances were therefore very distressing, and he lived in London on a trifling pension allowed him by the English Government.

One day, D'Albignac was dining in one of the principal taverns of the west end. He had always retained a taste for fashionable eating-houses, although his scanty means allowed him but a single dish. Nevertheless, he was very well satisfied with his fare, and, although still young himself, did not envy the lot of five or six youths who were dining near him in a much more luxurious manner. When golden sherry and sparkling champagne had raised their spirits, the young gentleman grew a little impertinent, and at last one of them addressed the Frenchman:

"Sir," said he, "we have always heard that your countrymen are famous for making both philosophical systems and salads. We should be happy to try at least one of these much-boasted accomplishments, and therefore politely request you to have the goodness to prepare a salad for us."

D'Albignac hesitated for a moment, and was on the point of resenting what he considered an offence; but his good-humor prevailed, and he resolved, as he was not well versed in metaphysical discussions, to save his country's honor by making a capital salad. He asked, therefore, for vinegar, oil, salt, pepper, and mustard, and prepared the favorite dish of French gastronomes in such a way that even the young Englishmen declared themselves highly satisfied. They were much pleased with the foreigner's condescension, and had a long conversation with him, at the end of which they asked for his address.

The lively youths, some of whom belonged to the class of nobility, spoke in the highest circles of their adventure, and suddenly, a week or two afterwards, D'Albignac received a note inviting him to come to one of the best houses in Grosvenor Square, to make a salad. He was at first greatly incensed, and felt much humiliated; but he reflected that labor in any shape is more dignified than receiving alms, even from a Government, and resolved to make good use of the channel fortune had opened to him. Without being a philosopher, he understood the true philosophy of honor, which demands that every man should support himself by his own exertions; and as he knew no profession, he determined to make salads. He succeeded beyond his hopes. The dish he prepared in Grosvenor Square was paid with a five-pound note, and his reputation soon spread in high society. He was called from one house to another, and known under the name of "The Fashionable Salad-maker." He was soon obliged, in order to satisfy all his elegant customers, to take a carriage and to keep a servant, who followed him with a mahogany-box, containing all the requisites for a good salad. We may add, that the Gascon genius of D'Albignac made some extraordinary inventions in the way of his singular calling, and that no cook on the continent could have surpassed him in the preparation of delicious endive, savory lettuce, or stimulating water-cresses.

D'Albignac did not find that he dishonored his crest by becoming a salad-maker, after having been in former days a marquis; and when the Bourbons returned to France, he also went back to his native country, and was greatly honored by all sensible men. He had lived in an economical way, and, although he had assisted many friends who were not so industrious or so fortunate, he had saved £5,000 when he crossed the Channel. Some proud dowagers of the Faubourg St. Germain looked disdainfully at the "noble cook," as they used to call him; but he answered that he at least owed nothing to any body—and the saying was generally applauded.

And now, if a man, besides his professional calling, knows how to cook a frugal dinner, to mend shoes or clothes, or to use the tools of the carpenter or other mechanic, he may one day find it, although not in the same way, of as much use as salad-making was to our friend D'Albignac.

QUICK WORK.—Lord Thurlow had received a strongly recommendatory letter of a young gentleman for a living in his lordship's gift. He did not much like the recommender; but, acting impartially, said to his secretary, with whose attendance he rarely dispensed, "show him in!" The gay candidate for preferment put himself through the door, delicately dressed, and redolent of what was then considered a beautiful perfume, lavender water. Thurlow looked at him for a minute, and then said to the secretary, "Show him out!"

☞ EARTHLY ILLS.—The evils of the world will continue until philosophers become kings, or kings become philosophers.—*Plato.*

BOYS AND GIRLS.

Mrs. Jameson, in her "Common Place Book of Thoughts, Memories, and Fancies," says:

I am convinced from my own recollections, and from all I have learned from experienced teachers in large schools, that one of the most fatal mistakes in the training of children has been the early separation of the sexes. I say has been, because I find that everywhere this most dangerous prejudice has been giving way before the light of truth and a more genial acquaintance with that primal law of nature, which ought to teach us that the more we can assimilate on a large scale the public to the domestic training, the better for all. There exists still the expression—in the higher classes especially, that in early education, the mixture of the two sexes would tend to make the girl masculine, and the boys effeminate; but experience shows that it is all the other way. Boys learn a manly and protecting tenderness, and girls become at once more feminine and more truthful.

Where this association has begun early enough, that is before five years old, and has been continued till about ten or twelve, it has uniformly worked well. On this point the evidence is unanimous and decisive. So long ago as 1812, Francis Homer, in describing a school he visited at Kamore, near Bridgewater, speaks with approbation of the boys and girls standing up together in the same class; it is the first mention I find of this innovation on the old collegiate or charity school plan, in itself a continuation of the monkish discipline. He says, "I like much the placing of boys and girls together at an early age; it gave the boys a new spur of emulation." When I have seen a class of girls standing up together, there has been a sort of empty tittering, a vacancy in the faces, an inertness, which made of it as I thought, a very up hill work for the teacher; so when it was a class of boys, there has been often sluggishness—a tendency to ruffian tricks—requiring perpetual effort on the part of the master.

In teaching a class of boys and girls accustomed to stand up together there is little or nothing of this. They are brighter, readier and better behaved; there is a kind of mutual influence working for good; and if there be emulation, it is not mingled with envy or jealousy. Mischief, such as may be apprehended, is in this case far less likely to arise than where boys and girls, habitually separate from infancy, are first thrown together just at the age when the feelings are awakened and the association has all the excitement of novelty. A very intelligent schoolmaster assured me that he has no trouble with a class of fifty boys and girls together, (in the midst of which I found him,) and that there were no inconveniences resulting which a wise, careful, and efficient superintendence cannot control. "There is," said he, "not only more emulation, more quickness of brain, but altogether a superior healthiness of tone, body and mind, where the boys and girls are trained together till about ten years old, and it extends in their after life." I should say because it is in accordance with the laws of God in forming us for mutual dependence for help from the very beginning of life."

What is curious enough, I find many people—fathers, mothers, teachers, who are agreed that in the schools of the lower classes, the two sexes may be safely and advantageously associated, yet have a sort of horror of the idea of such innovation in schools for the higher classes. One would like to know the reason for such a distinction, instead of being encountered as is usual, by a sneer or a vile insuendo.

MAGENDIE ON MEDICINE.—An American medical student, writing from Paris to the American Medical Gazette for June, asserts that he once heard Magendie—one of the most eminent French physicians and physiologists—commence a lecture somewhat in the following words:—

"Gentlemen—Medicine is a great humbug. I know it is called a science—science, indeed! It is nothing like science. Doctors are mere empirics, when they are not Charlatans. We are as ignorant as men can be. Who knows anything in the world about medicine? Gentlemen, you have done me the honor to come here to attend my lectures, and I must tell you frankly now, in the beginning, that I know nothing in the world about medicine, and I don't know anybody who does know anything about it. Don't think for a moment that I haven't read the bills advertising the course of lectures at the Medical School; I know that this man teaches anatomy, that man teaches pathology, another man physiology, such a one therapeutics, such another materia medica—*Eh bien! et apres?* What's known all about that? Why, gentlemen, at the school of Montpelier, (God knows it was famous enough in its day,) they discarded the study of anatomy, and taught nothing but the dispensary; and the doctors educated there knew just as much, and were quite as successful as any others. I repeat it, nobody knows anything about medicine. True enough, we are gathering facts every day. We can produce typhus fever, for example, by injecting a certain substance into the veins of a dog—that's something; we alleviate diabetes, and I see distinctly, we are fast approaching the day when phthisis can be cured as easily as any disease. We are collecting facts in the right spirit, and I dare say in a century or so the accumulation of facts may enable our successors to form a medical science; but I repeat it to you, there is no such thing now as a medical science. Who can tell me how to cure the headache? or the gout? or disease of the heart? Nobody. Oh! you tell me doctors cure people. I grant you, people are cured. But how are they cured? Gentlemen, nature does a great deal. Imagination does a good deal. Doctors do—devilish little—when they don't do harm. Let me tell you, gentlemen, what I did when I was the head physician at Hotel Dieu. Some 3 or 4,000 patients passed through my hands every year. I divided the patients into two classes; with one, I followed the dispensary and gave them the usual medicines without having the least idea why or wherefore; to the other, I gave bread pills and colored water, without, of course, letting them know anything about it—and occasionally, gentlemen, I would create a third division, to whom I gave nothing whatever. These last would fret a good deal, they would feel they were neglected, (sick people always feel they are neglected, unless they are well drugged—the fools!) and they would irritate themselves until they got really sick, but nature invariable came to the rescue, and all the persons in this third class got well. There was little mortality among those who received but bread pills and colored water, and the mortality was greatest among those who were carefully drugged according to the dispensary."

PRIDE OF ANCESTRY.—An anecdote is told of a gentleman in Monmouthshire, which exhibits the pride of ancestry in a striking point of view. His house was in such a state of dilapidation, that the proprietor was in danger of perishing under the ruins of the ancient mansion, which he venerated even in decay. A stranger, whom he accidently met at the foot of the Skyrrid, made various inquiries respecting the country, the prospects, and the neighboring houses, and among others, asked, "Whose is this antique mansion before us?" "That, sir, is Werndee, a very ancient house; for out of it came the Earls of Pembroke of the first line, and the Earls of Pembroke of the second line, the Lord Herberts of Cherbury, the Herberts of Coldbrook, Ramsey, Cardiff, and York; the Morgans of Acton; the Earl of Hunsdon; the Houses of Ircown and Lanarth, and all the Powells. Out of this house, also, by the female line, came the Duke of Beaufort." "And pray, sir, who lives there now?" "I do, sir." "Then pardon me, and accept a piece of advice—come out of it yourself, or you'll soon be buried in the ruins of it."

☞ No man is wise or safe, but he that is honest. —*Sir W. Raleigh.*

HERRE I LOVE.

AN OLD STYLE MADRIGAL.

I know a litel hande;
Tyr the softeste yn ye lande—
And I feele yte pressure blande
Whyle I synge:
Lylie-white, and rosiynge more,
Lyke a rose-daffe on my brows,
As a dove mighte fanne my brow
Wythe yts wynge.
Welle-I pryze (alle handes above,)
Thys deare hande of herre I love.

II.

I knowe a litel foote—
Very counyngelye 'tys putt
In a dayntie litel boote,
Where yt hydes:
Lyke a shuttle yt ever flyes
Backe and forthe before myne eyes,
Weavynge myrgye forre myne eyes,
As yt glides.
Welle I pryze, (alle feete alsoe,)
Thys deare foote of herre I love.

III.

I knowe a litel harte,
Yt 'tis free from courtlie arte,
And I owne yt (every parte,)
Forre alle tymes:
Ever yt beates wythe mutyone true,
Ever an echoe of myne owne,
Ever keepyng wythe myne owne
Holie chime.
Welle I pryze, (alle hartes above,)
Thys deare hearte of herre I love!

GRASS.—Consider what we owe merely to meadow grass—to the covering of the dark ground that glorious enamel, by the companies of those sa and countless, and peaceful spears. The fields! F low but forth for a little time the thoughts of all ought to recognise in those words. All spring a summer is in them—the walks by silent, scen paths—the rests in noon-day heat—the joy of he and flocks—the power of all shepherd life and medi tion—the life of sunlight upon the world, falling emerald streaks, and falling in soft blue shadow where else it would have struck upon the dark mo or scorching dust—pastures beside the pacing broo —soft banks and knolls of lowly hills—thymy slo of down overlooked by the blue line of lifted sea crisp lawns all dim with early dew, or smooth in e ning warmth of barred sunshine, dinted by hap feet, and softening in their fall the sound of lov voices; all these are summed up in those sim words; and these are not all. We may not mean to the full the depth of this heavenly gift in o hand; though still as we think of it longer, the in nite of that meadow sweetness, Shakspeare's pec liar joy, would open on us more and more, yet have it but in part. Go out in the spring time amo the meadows that slope from the shores of the Sw lakes to the roots of their lower mountains. The mingled with the tall gentians, and the white narc sus, the grass grows deep and free; and as you f low the winding mountain paths, beneath archi boughs all veiled and dim with blossom—paths th forever drop and rise over the green banks a mounds sweeping down in scented undulation, st to the blue water, studded here and there with ne mown heaps, filling all the air with fainter swe ness. Look up towards the higher hills, where t waves of everlasting green roll silently into th long inlets among the shadows of the pines, and may perhaps at last know the meaning of these qu words of the 147th Psalm: "He maketh grass grow upon the mountains." There are also seve lessons symbolically connected with this subje which we must not allow to escape us. Obser the peculiar characters of the grass, which adap especially for the service of man, are its appar humility and cheerfulness. Its humility, in tha seems created only for lowest service—appointed be trodden on and fed upon; its cheerfulness, in t it seems to exult under all kinds of violence and s fering. You roll it, and it is stronger the next d you mow it, and it multiplies its shoots, as if it w grateful; you tread upon it, and it only sends richer perfume. Spring comes, and it rejoices w all the earth—glowing with variegated flame of de ers—waving in soft depth of fruitful strength. W ter comes, and though it will not mock its fell plants by growing then, it will not pine and mo and turn colorless or leafless as they. It is alw green, and is only the brighter and gayer for hoar-frost.—*Ruskin.*

ANTS AND THEIR COWS.—The cunning ants k cows in their stables. Almost every ant hill, longing to one variety, has a beetle in it, who li rears a family, and dies among them, a welcome honored companion. When the ants meet him, t stroke and caress him with their antennæ; in ret he offers them a sweet liquid that oozes out an his wings, and of which the little topers are i monately fond. So great is their attachment to addi confectioner, that they seize him in time danger, and carry him off to a place of safety; conquerors of an invaded nation spare the sw beetle, and, what is perhaps more surprising, maggot and his chrysalis, though themselves utte useless, are as safe among their wise hosts as if t also possessed the luscious honey. Other ants a keep countless aphides, that sit on the tender gr leaves of juicy plants, as on green meadows, suck away so lustily that their delicate little bo swell like the udders of cows on rich spring past At that season the ants have to feed their y with more delicate food than their own; they ca and caress their tiny milch cows, gather the nut ous liquid that pours forth under their sagac treatment, and carry it, drop by drop, to their series.

MAWKISH SENTIMENT.—"*Dear Punch*:—You a bit of nonsense, I believe. What do you thin this?

"A man told me that he didn't consider that a rmiual ought to be hanged for a foul murder, bec we do not hang a scoundrel for a ruinous fraud.

"I demolished this preposterous opinion by serving that loss of property is nothing to loss of man life.

"This booby then asked, why we were read any time to go to war on a question of property ridiculous a question required no reply; but marked that war is a different thing from mu He demanded, in what respect? Well, I said, is fair killing; murder is unfair. So then, concl my stupid friend, you hang for the unfairness for the killing? On this principle you have as r right to hang a rogue as to execute an assassi said, 'I don't see that;' which shut him up, and the best of the argument with yours sincerely,

"COMMON SENSE

P. S.—I hate sophistry."—*Punch.*

"THE CHILD IS FATHER OF THE M dictum of Wordsworth was never mo ptly trated than by the following anecdote of B Brougham, the school-boy, which we find in a cious volume of the reminiscences of the late Cockburn, just published by Adam and Ch Black with the title "Memorials of his Tim Henry Cockburn." "Brougham made his firs plomon while in Fraser's class (at the high s of Edinburgh.) He dared to differ from Fra hot, but good-natured old fellow, on some sma of Latinity. The master, like other men in po maintained his own infallibity, punished the r and flattered himself that the affair was over. Brougham reappeared next day, loaded with b returned to the charge before the whole class compelled honest Luke to confess that he had wrong. This made Brougham famous thro the whole school. I remember, as well as if been yesterday, having had him pointed o as 'the fellow who had beat the master,' then that I first saw him."

BLESSED BE NOTHING.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Nay, wealthy brother,
Lead me no pity because I am poor,
Dray horses staggering, loaded till dark,
Rather should pity the light soaring lark,
Borrow you rather, to keep to your track,
Hands of Briareus, Hercules' back,
Keen eyes of Argus, and Midas' grave care.
I with two hands, and a heart void of fears,
Labor, the one gift of life to secure,
Blessed be nothing!

Surfeited brother!
Last night you feasted, then slept upon down,
Dreaming such dreams as were better untold;
When the grim nightmare but loosened his hold,
Discounts and dividends rapped o'er your head:
Care, the bearded vulture, with claw-footed tread,
Stalking round stealthily, gnawed at your breast.
Mine was my supper, a straw bed my rest.
Slumbers like mine have no king for his crown.
Blessed be nothing!

Self-prisoned brother!
Pass, in your crystal and velvet car borne,
With your gay household of half-breathing dolls—
Prattling of operas, bonnets, and balls—
So whirl you on with a prone, wrinkled brow—
While the brown clods leaping under my plough
I careless whistle, hear Merrimac glide,
See old Monadnor, his clouds brushed aside,
Nodding to me through the blue, misty morn,
Blessed be nothing!

Manacled brother!
Never again do you hope to be free?
Manhood within is shrunken with shame,
Thinking the thoughts of a client, a name—
Thoughts of your customers, party, or town;
Shackled and bent to all thoughts—but your own?
Senate or White House too poorly would pay,
Bartered I thus for my birthright to say
Nothing but duty and love *better* me.
Blessed be nothing!

Idol-bound brother!
Many a god sees you bow at his shrine,
Leaden-eyed Mammon, bedizened with charms:
Fashion, the pitiless Moloch, whose arms
Bride and storch you at once in their fold,
Never a cloud edged with silver or gold,
Range up its curtain 'twixt me and the One,
Shining upon me as clear as the sun.
Keep your mean idols—I choose the divine.
Blessed be nothing!

Ah! hardened brother!
We shall be crossing a deep river soon,
Will not your trappings encumber you there?
O'er the rough current no boatman will bear
Ingots and coins to Elysium's gate;
Heavy as millstones, you sink with their weight.
Bidding good-bye to the world, I shall shout,
"Nothing I brought here, I take nothing out,
But a soul free for singing the angels' sweet tune,
Blessed be nothing!"

Original Novelet.

VIVIA;
OR,
THE SECRET OF POWER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.)

When Vivia returned to the Convent, she found that Father Francis and Austin had not left the premises, but were temporarily lodged in the building appropriated to the Bishop on the occasions of his annual visits. From the parlor of this house Austin descried her approach, and came out to receive her.

"Theodora?" he inquired, as he joined her, and they turned their steps towards the Bishop's lodgings.

"I did not see her; Basil has taken her to Bedford Springs."

"I think that was well. Yes I am glad of it for many reasons. Had she been at home it would have seemed unkind in me to keep away; and yet I could not meet her with composure. And her absence besides relieving me of that embarrassment, will give us the opportunity of doing all we wish for them at their home."

"Yes, I thought of that."

"By the way, Vivia, do you know that there has been a discussion between my parents and myself, relative to the propriety of announcing to the neighborhood my *real* name and parentage, and that they have decided to do nothing of the sort. My parents, both vowed to the altar, have determined to waive their prior claims to our patrimony in my favor. And—inasmuch as I thus come into the possession of the greater portion of my grandfather's estate, they have thought it best that I should retain his name—and I think so too. So that is settled."

"And what are our plans for the autumn?"

"Father Francis—as he commands me still to call him—will remain in this neighborhood, and lodge at Grey Rock, where he will superintend the preparations for the seminary. He thinks that you and myself, if we can procure a proper chaperone, had best carry into effect our purposed tour of the Eastern continent."

"That will be admirable! In the meantime I will install Mrs. Brunton and her daughter at Sunset Hills, to keep the house warm while we are gone and to give us a welcome when we return. And Austin! I wish you to invite Wakefield to accompany us."

"Why, Vivia!"

"Yes! certainly, it will add ten fold to the pleasure of our tour, and be of great convenience to us also, since Wakefield has taught himself several Eastern languages."

"But, will he go?"

"Yes! The seminary will swallow up his school. His mother will be provided for. His occupation will be gone, and you will tender him the situation of travelling tutor, interpreter, secretary, guide, for the duties of either or all of which his character and education singularly fit him. Therefore he will accompany us."

"It shall be as you say, Vivia," said Austin, smiling.

Vivia and Austin went zealously to work to make their friends and proteges as happy and comfortable as possible before leaving them.

Austin rode over to the Red Ridge farm to make examinations, and take notes of what he could do to improve the place and the mode of culture. Old Mrs. Wildman received him; but it was Helen, who affecting to consider him still as their landlord, accompanied him all over the premises.

In a week Austin repeated his visit of inspection. The next week he went twice. The third week three times, the fourth week he rode over every day. Helen was always his guide and interlocutor.

Vivia meanwhile prepared rooms at her house for the residence of Mrs. Brunton and Alice, who were to remove thither as soon as Wakefield should return from Bedford, for the widow said she wanted to stay and receive her son once more in the old home.

At the end of six weeks, Austin one day said to Vivia,

"I made the proposal to Wakefield, and he has accepted it; he goes with us. And now I want you to do something benevolent."

"Well?"

"Invite Miss Wildman to go with you as your companion; you will need one. And Miss Helen is a very intelligent, vivacious young lady, who will add much to the life of our little party. And it would confer a great privilege and pleasure upon the young creature to give her this—the only opportunity she can ever have of seeing Europe."

"Well, why do you not answer?"

"Austin, because I am troubled! I do not want a companion, least of all Helen, whom I cannot find it in my heart to approve."

"I am grieved, Vivia," said Austin, in a tone of regret, "to find such a prejudice existing in your mind. I have quite set my heart on having this intellectual young girl enjoy the privilege of seeing Europe. What is the use of wealth, if we cannot confer happiness with it? You will like her better on a closer acquaintance, Vivia. It was so with me. Now, I confess I was once considerably prejudiced against Helen, but the more I see of her, the better I like her. Think of her giving up her first season at the Springs, to stay at home and help her grandmother during the absence of her brother. There are very few girls who would have made such a sacrifice."

"That was well," said Vivia, glad to have anything to approve.

"I assure you she is a remarkably superior girl, Vivia, and really we must not remember the boydenism of her childhood against her—"

"It would be unjust to do that."

"You will help me, then, to confer the benefit of travel upon this interesting girl."

"Oh, Austin, benefit her in some other way! forego your present purpose!"

"I cannot, indeed, dear Vivia! I have quite set my heart upon it!"

"Deny your heart!"

"But why?"

"I can give you no other reason than I have already given; but why, I ask you in my turn, Austin, do you persevere in this?"

"*Not*, Vivia, that I have any *personal* interest beyond friendship and benevolence for this young lady. I have loved once, and forever, Vivia! I can never love another!" said Austin, in a tone of such deep mournfulness, that Vivia's sympathies were strongly awakened. "But," he continued, "my sorrowful love need not make me close my heart against humanity. On the contrary, all the consolation I ever expect to find, aside from you, Vivia, is in delighting and blessing others. I only wish to please myself in pleasing this young Helen with two years of what would seem to her an almost impossible good."

Vivia felt that Austin was perfectly sincere in what he said. He spoke *the truth of the time*, at least, and she could no longer oppose him.

Thus, by the *first* of October, all their plans were arranged.

The seminary for boys was in full operation.

Mrs. Brunton was established in Vivia's house.

And Wakefield had returned to join his party, who, accompanied by a respectable elderly lady, as chaperone, took leave of their friends, and set out for New York, whence they took the steamer for Europe.

CHAPTER XXIX.

NEWS FROM ABROAD.

"Oh, not in judgment and not in wrath,
Came the Angel of Death that day."

It was the Christmas following the departure of Vivia and her party for the East, that old Mrs. Brunton mounted her mule to ride over to Red Ridge. The cause of her visit was that she had just got a letter from Wakefield, containing news of such importance, that she felt obliged, immediately, to communicate it to the family most concerned.

The snow lay deep upon the ground, and the roads were in the very worst conditions; that is to say, a thaw had been arrested half-way by a freeze, and the roads were full of knobs and pits and glassy sheets of ice, more dangerous than all. The air was, besides, piercingly cold.

But little did the hardy old woman mind the state of the atmosphere or the earth, when her heart was set upon any purpose. And so, sturdily, in her old gray serge cloak and gray felt bonnet, she rode along; her sure-footed mule going cautiously down the sides of the hills, putting his first foot forward, and letting it slide till he should find a safe rest, and then bringing the other hoof along and advancing it in the same manner—and so down the hills, and across the mirror-like sheets of ice in the valley, and along the cedar-fringed banks of Mad River, and around its bend and up the steep ascent of North Mountain to Red Ridge.

It was after the early dinner hour of the family that Mrs. Brunton knocked at the door which was opened by Basil, who met the visitor with a cordial welcome, and brought her in to the family sitting-room.

The four women of the house were sitting around a fine fire of hickory logs, and they were all, with the exception of the old lady, engaged in knitting.

Mrs. Wildman was spinning on the little wheel, but rose up and welcomed and seated her visitor.

"Well, when did you hear from our friends abroad, ladies?" inquired the widow, after a few minutes.

"It has been more than five weeks since we got the last letter. The mails must be very uncertain, for I am sure we do not get more than half the letters written to us," said Theodora.

"To be sure! I s'pose not, indeed! neither do I; but, anyway, I got a letter last night!"

"Oh, did you! what date? how were they all? when are they going into Asia?" were the questions immediately rained upon the old woman.

"Hish! one at a time! What was the last news you heard of them, Mrs. Basil?"

"Nothing particular—only that they were all well—staying at Rome for a while, and expecting next to go to Constantinople."

"There is—there is no bad news in your *letter*?" exclaimed Theodora, as a sudden fear thrilled her.

"Oh, no, child! no, the best of news! especially to this family; but you see, I thought maybe you had got it already, and so it would be Piper's news, like the field of Flodden; then again I thought maybe you hadn't heard, because so many letters get lost."

"Well! well! but the news!" exclaimed several.

"Ay, ay, it is astonishing, Mrs. Wildman, that I should be the very first to tell you that your granddaughter, Helen, is married to the young heir of Mount Storm!"

"Helen! Helen married, and never said one word to us about it!" exclaimed Mrs. Wildman, her emotions divided between joy at the good fortune that had befallen her daughter, and mortification at the supposed slight that had passed over herself.

"Just like her! I am sure, the artful huzzy. She plotted to get him, and now that she is a great lady, you'll see how much she cares for you, that's all!" remarked the amiable Miss Nelly.

Theodora had started and turned very pale; but at the same time she put out her hand to Basil, who was seated by her side, and who, struggling with the jealous pang that seized his own heart, nevertheless, folded that delicate hand in his own, and whispered his consolation—

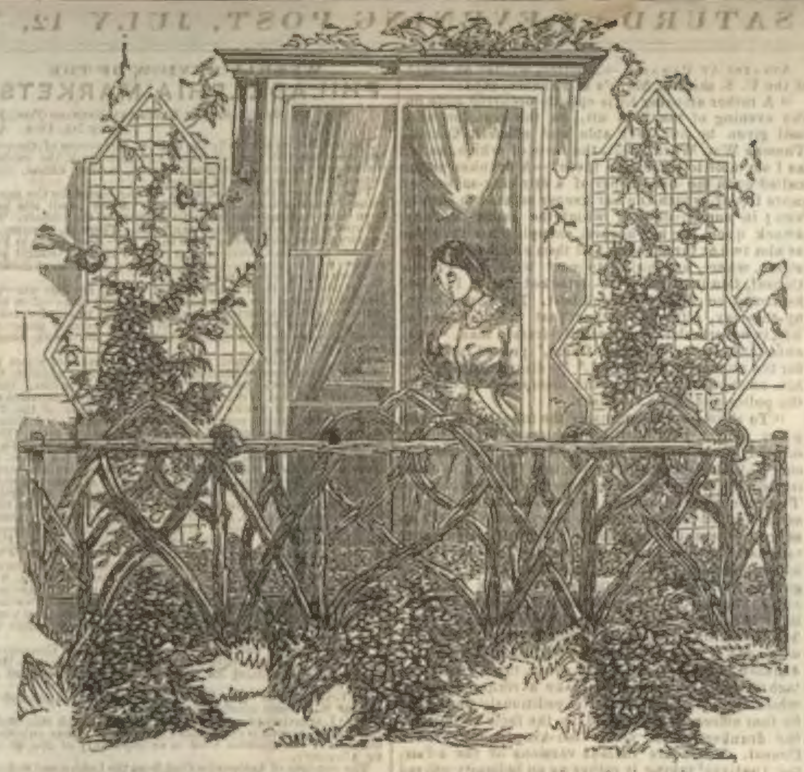
"Never mind, dear love! never mind! it will make no difference in Heaven!"

"Ah, Basil, you are so good—so good—oh! whatever becomes of me, may you in Heaven find your own dear Eve, whom you shall love better and more happily than you have ever loved me! and who shall love you in kind."

"You are the only Eve I ever think of—never mind—let that pass, dear! I see it pains you still."

While this whispered conversation was going on, the other members of the circle were still commenting upon the news of Helen and Austin's marriage.

"And what did Mr. Wakefield say about it?" inquired Miss Elizabeth.



DESIGN FOR A RUSTIC BALCONY.

"Why, not much! You see, his letter was mostly filled up with other things—and then he says—speaking of the marriage—stop! I'll read you what he says:" said the widow, taking the letter from her pocket, unfolding it, and commencing—"And now I have some astounding intelligence for you, Helen Wildman and Austin Malmaison are to be united 'in the holy bonds of matrimony' on the first Tuesday in the ensuing November, so that by the time this letter reaches you, they will have completed their honeymoon. I have seen this affair coming on for sometime—and so also I think has Miss Laglorieuse. Though I do not feel the least at liberty to conjecture what that lady's thoughts might have been, as she has never done me the honor of conversing with me upon the subject. Nor, indeed, did I feel free to allude to this impending marriage until now that the engagement has been formally announced. After the wedding, we shall all proceed to Constantinople—thence to Alexandria and Cairo—thence to parts unknown. Therefore, if after this, letters come irregularly, do not feel anxious, nor be in despair, if they seem to cease altogether, for we are going into the desert places of the world, where post-offices are unknown, and mail-routes unheard of."

"But there!" said the widow, "I am getting into other portions of the letter! And now, that is all he said about the marriage. Joyful event, is it not?"

"To think Helen should never o' said the first word to me about it!"

"'Cause she wan't sure of it herself, until he popped the question, and then she snapped him right up before he could back out! that's the reason!" kindly explained Miss Nelly.

"You forget, dear mother, that we haven't had a letter for five weeks. And I did not go to the post-office yesterday, and so it is very likely that there are letters from Helen and from Austin waiting there for us," said Basil.

"Dear me! I wish I knew! I'd send Jim to Eyrie this very afternoon, only the road is so dreadful, and besides, he has got such a cold, that he is not able to be out of bed."

"Never mind, I shall go, mother."

"No, you must not! Don't think of it, Basil! The road between here and Eyrie is really awful!"

"It don't matter, mother. You are anxious to hear, and so am I—therefore, I shall go. I can ride Kit, she is tolerably sure-footed."

The short winter afternoon was running to its close. Basil arose, and went out to catch his horse preparatory to the ride to Eyrie. Mrs. Brunton got up and said that it was late, and that she "must be getting on towards home."

"And indeed you must not, but you must stay and get a cup of coffee before you go. Supper will soon be ready," said old Mrs. Wildman, rising, and—without waiting for her visitor to decline—walking out into the kitchen to hasten the meal.

"Now just to think!" exclaimed Mrs. Brunton, looking helplessly after her vanished hostess—"And I really *can't* stay! I can't *indeed*! It is time now that I was half way home."

"Oh! sit down, Mrs. Brunton. You must never think of taking that long, cold ride without having a cup of coffee to fortify you before you set forth; and my sister will not be long in getting it," said Miss Elizabeth.

"But, my child, it is a great deal too early for your supper; and as for me, I ought to be half way home now."

"Oh! you would never hurt Mother Wildman's feelings, by going away without tasting her coffee," said Theodora, gently removing the visitor's bonnet, and placing it on the shelf.

"It is so late, I ought to be home this precious minute," exclaimed the widow, uneasily, as she sat down, and yielded the point.

"It isn't so late as you think; the sun's in a cloud: can't you see? I think old folks like you ought to wear specs!" said Miss Nelly Parrott, really desirous of the guest's company, yet constitutionally unable to give a pleasant invitation.

"A cloud! a cloud!" cried the widow, catching up this word in alarm; "a cloud, did you say? Dear, bless me, I must be going, then, sure enough!"

"Yes! there is a cloud, Mrs. Brunton; and now that I look at it, I think it an additional reason why you should remain where you are. I think we are going to have more snow, and that it will begin to fall before you could possibly reach home," said Miss Elizabeth, who had gone to the window, thrown up the shutter, and now stood looking out.

Theodora, Mrs. Brunton, and Miss Nelly hastened up to take a view for themselves, and form their own opinions.

The prospect was certainly a threatening one, the window looked out to the North-west, where behind Mount Storm a great dark cloud, looking still darker in contrast to the moss-covered cliff, was slowly rising.

"There is wind in that cloud," ventured Theodora, as an opinion.

"And hail, and snow also," said Miss Elizabeth.

"I, for my part, never saw snow in a cloud as dark and moist looking as *that*," declared Miss Nelly.

"Here, give me my bonnet, children, I must be going! Indeed, I must," exclaimed Mrs. Brunton, in a panic, as she found and tied on her drab felt.

"My patience alive, you aint a thinking o' starting with such a clond as this arisin'!" exclaimed Mrs. Wildman, as she entered the sitting-room.

"Yes, indeed, I must *fly*! Good-bye, Mrs. Wildman! Good-bye, children! replied Mrs. Brunton, who flattered all unmarried ladies, of whatever age, with this compliment to their juvenility!

Mrs. Wildman followed her to the door, never ceasing to reiterate her invitations until her departing guest had mounted her mule, and started off in a brisk canter. Then her attention was arrested by Basil, who came into the yard, leading his horse already saddled and bridled.

"And where are you off to this time of the afternoon?" inquired the old lady.

"Don't you know, mother? To the post-office."

"Now I hope you won't attempt anything of the kind! Do you see that cloud?"

"Yes, mother, it is a wind cloud—it will soon blow over—it will be over by the time I swallow a cup of coffee and get off," answered Basil, securing his horse, and then hurrying into the house. In the sitting-room he found only Miss Elizabeth, who was laying the cloth for supper. Therefore without pausing he hurried up stairs to the presence of Theodora, whom he found standing at the gable window looking out upon the stormy sky.

"That is a magnificent aspect! Do but come and observe it, Basil."

He went up to the window and stooping over her shoulder looked out. It was indeed a grand and awful sight. The sun was setting behind the great cloud that extended from north to south along the western sky, like some black range of mountains, with their peaks ablaze, while the lengthened shadow darkened all the earth with a premature night.

"You never paint now, Theodora! You never have painted since you have been in this house," said Basil in a tone of regret.

"No," replied Theodora, with a half-suppressed sigh.

"But why, dear, when you are so fond of it? why?"

"When *I* was so fond of it you mean. I have never been so since—since my illness. If I ever had any real genius for art, I think I must have lost it in that spell of illness. I have never felt either the will or the power to paint since that time."

"That is since you came into this house, Theodora!"

"No! since my illness *only*—health does affect such power—but I think I should like to paint a storm piece. And if I can carry the picture of this sky in my mind until to-morrow, I think I shall set up my easel and attempt it."

"How I do wish you would, daughter! if I could see you only once again interested in your old pursuits, I should be better contented, because I should think you would be happier."

"Don't feel anxious about me, dear Basil. I am getting better every day, and of course cheerfulness will return with health."

"Supper!" called the homely voice of old Mrs. Wildman at the foot of the stairs. "Come! come, my dear! come down to supper! I have to go to the post-office afterwards."

"To Eyrie? No! do not think of it! Basil! Do but look at that cloud! You will be caught in the storm!"

"I have been looking at it, daughter! And it does not seem to me to rise as fast as I thought it would—there is not yet a breath of wind, and it seems now to be stationary. I should not wonder after all if it passed off harmlessly," said Basil, leading the way down into the lower room where the family were gathered around the supper-table. Basil gave himself only time to swallow a cup of coffee before he started up to set forward on his ride. In vain his mother and his aunt expostulated with him he was firmly resolved upon the jaunt. "If an old woman like Mrs. Brunton sets off to ride ten miles, surely I can ride there and back!"

"Yes! but if Mrs. Brunton was to run her own head into the fire, would you do the same?" asked the old lady.

Basil laughed at this method of argument, and bidding them all good-night for the present, he hurried out and mounted his horse. He had just settled himself in his stirrups and turned from the horse block, when Theodora, who had fluttered silently like some crippled bird to his side, now laid her slight clasp on the bridle.

"Basil, don't go."

"Why? why not, daughter?" inquired the young man, pleased with her interest in himself.

"Oh! because of the rising storm."

"But the storm will not be up these three hours. I shall be back before half that time has passed."

"Basil—don't go," repeated Theodora very earnestly. "You want letters from Vivia, and—your other absent friends, I am sure you do; and I feel persuaded that there are letters waiting for us there which you shall see before I sleep." Theodora lifted her eyes to the cloud, and then turned them upon her companion. She was very pale, and her voice was unnaturally deep and tremulous when she said, "Basil! I beg, I entreat you, do not go out to-night."

"My little daughter what makes you so serious?"

"I do not know!—the storm!"

"Pooh! that cannot be! You are very nervous, that is all! The storm! why, my child, even if it overtakes me, which is not likely, I am not soluble in water! and therefore not likely to be melted in the rain! I shall be home again in little more than an hour. Good-bye, dear love," said the young man, holding out his hand.

Some vague but solemn prevision—some deep, mournful impulse compelled her to cling tightly to that rough, honest hand, and to gaze up into those candid, affectionate eyes that were fixed so pleadingly on hers, and then to put up her lips, offering for the first and last time in her life, the kiss that made him happier than a benediction, as he said,

"God bless you, little daughter. Good-bye!" and rode away.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TOO EARLY EDUCATION.—Experience demonstrates that of any number of children of even intellectual powers, those who receive no particular care in infancy, and who do not begin to study till the constitution begins to be consolidated, but who enjoy the benefit of a good physical education, very soon surpass in their studies those who commenced earlier, and who read numerous books when very young.—*Spurzheim.*

☞ TRUE WAY OF LIVING.—Live more for others than yourself, and so not think that the end of talent is to make everybody miserable about you. He is the best philosopher who wipes away most tears.

HOW OUR ANCESTORS LIVED
IN THE DAYS OF GOOD QUEEN BESS.

In thinking of Elizabethan diet, we must remember that hops, carp, and turkeys were all novelties, having been introduced in Henry VIII.'s time. Before that, ale was drunk new, artichokes were scarce, and potatoes were luxuries, looked upon with suspicion. The dinner itself had something almost religious in its ceremonial. The great salt-cellar was a barrier of classes, and divided the baron from his jester, his falconer, or his page. Feudality then shone in almost the full brightness of its coat-armor blazonry. The rolling-pin beating the dresser was the signal for the meal. The dishes entered, borne in procession and to the sound of music; the knight had his taster, his cupbearer, and his carver; there were crowds of blue coated serving-men with silver badges on their arms, the steward with his chain, and the major-domo with his white staff; the pages and the serving-maidens had all their distinct places, hemmed in by grave chaplains and brawny huntsmen. All the ceremony of royalty was retained in some of these baronial halls; and no wonder the ruffs grew stiff, and the beard grave and solemn; no wonder there were Justice Shallows and pompous nobles inflated by their service, which Burleigh received with such dignity, which, to old Sackville, the Nestor of the Court, lent only stateliness becoming his learning and his years, but which, to parvenues, was dangerous and intoxicating. The Elizabethan kitchen was a subterranean world, lit by infernal fires, and quite independent of the revelry and pomp and gravity above. There, omnipotent as Jove, ruled the red-nosed cook over a small army of martyrs, with hot faces and white caps; his sceptre was a rolling-pin, a case of knives swung at his side, chests of spices were his crown jewels: all day in this torrid region went up a hissing sound of imprisoned stews, and a bubbling of perturbed joints scalding in those large sarcophagi called on earth cauldrons. The pastry was not then a mere question of vulgar pie-crust, but a work of art requiring much mythological study, when Actæon and his Hounds in bas-relief, or the Siege of Troy were represented in raised paste. The sweetmeat rose in towers and battlements, and was gay with flags and gilded streamers; nor was the peacock, with gold beak and expanded tail, yet forgotten, or the white-toothed boar, with the Lemons in its mouth; oxen roasted whole were everyday things, and cooking was altogether a science, more epical and Titanic than even Soyer could now dream of. The Elizabethan cooking was subtle and full of art; local dishes were then more strictly retained and less widely known; Devonshire had its white pot and clouted cream, Cornwall its herring and pilchard pies, Hampshire was renowned for its honey, and Gloucestershire for its lampreys. The Spanish Oglio was, however, not uncommon, and we had French potages, and many Dutch ways of dressing fish.—There was stewed broth, wheaten flummery, smallage, gruel, hotchpot, barley potage, and spinage broth, for a commencement. The second course was say, lampreys, Poor John, and mullet, stewed oysters, stock-fish, sturgeon, and buttered whitings with egge. For the third, marrow puddings and black puddings, white puddings, bag puddings, and quaking puddings. For the fourth, supposing it a Lord Mayor's dinner, fricassees of veal, stewed beef, capons in white broth, humble pies, Scotch collops, chicken salad, veal tosats, shoulders of mutton cooked like venison, marrow pastries, Pancotto, roast partridges, and wild fowl. For the last, custards (the great city delicacy), cream and caraway cakes, whipped creams, cheese cakes, warden pies, hartshorn jellies, cherry marmalade, pear puddings, minced pies and white pots, syllabubs, suckets, and almond marchpanes. Some of the dishes are curious enough; there is one of the kernels of Tulip stalks cooked like peas, and soused turkey, boiled in white wine and vinegar, and soaked for a month; the sauce, Fennel and vinegar. There is pickled goose, with cloves and ginger, bran jelly, pickled capons, and horseradish sauce. Those peat puddings contain no pears, and are formed of cold chicken chopped up with sugar, currants and spices, made up into a paste the shape of the fruit; there is pith pudding and oatmeal pudding, veal toast fried in butter, and tasted with currants, sugar and nutmeg. Beyond that is green goose pie and imitation red deer, and after the pastry, white cheese and tansy. Among the sweets, we see pippins preserved whole in jelly, apple syrup, quince cheese, candied apricots in slices, and currants preserved whole in jelly; there are also cordial tablets of pistachios and leaf gold, iced with orange water and flavored with ambergris and musk, besides omelets of mallow stalks, and rose juleps. For the liquids, besides ale and all sorts of beer, small and strong, claret and sack, there is apple drink and stepony, and honey drink and bragor, meath and metheglin, and hydromel and strawberry, and cherry wine and sack, with gilly-flower syrup; the metheglin is full of sweet country perfumes. In white meath alone, so curious are these drinks, there was infused Rosemary and Thyme, Sweet Briar, Pennyroyal, Bays, Watercresses, Agrimony, Marshmallow, Liver Wort, Maiden Hair, Betony, Eye-Bright, Scabious, Ash Leaves, Eringo Roots, Wild Angelica, Bib Wort, Sermicle, Roman Wormwood, Tamarisk, Mother Thyme, Saxifrage, Philipendula; and besides all these, Strawberries and Violet Leaves were often added. The dutations of cooking in old cookery books, are frequently indicated by "the time in which you would repeat a Miserere slowly, or the time of an Ave Maria;" but this was not for the Puritans, who shunned mince pies, and shivered at plum porridge. Baked wild ducks and pigeons delighted the *dura ilia* of our ancestors, who revelled in buttered eggs, marrow sops with wine, the *haut gouts* of garlic sauce more than in fricassees and hachys, which were not much known till after the Restoration. Elizabeth breakfasted on brawn and ale, because tea was not known, and chocolate was still confined to Spain. Asparagus and Lettuce were then rare delicacies; abbolds, Rocket, and Tarragon served for salad, and Holland still retained the Endive and the Cress. Cock ale was one of the most singular beverages ever composed, and the receipt for its composition is too curious to bear abridgement. "Take 8 gallons of ale, take a cock and boil him well, then take 4 lbs. of raisins of the sun well stoned, two or three nutmegs, three or four flakes of mace, ½ lb. of dates; beat these all in a mortar, and put to them 2 quarts of the best sack, and when the ale hath done working, put these in and stop it close six or seven days, and then bottle it, and a month after you may drink it." The Queen's own breakfast consisted generally of wine, and bread and butter and ale; at least it did so in 1578, not to forget mutton potage, chicken broth, beef and mutton. Her Sunday's dinner on the 18th of November, consisted of beef, mutton, veal, swan, goose, capons, conies, friants, custards, and fritters, for the first course. For the second, lamb, kid, herons, pheasant, fowls, goodwits, peacocks, larks, tarts, and fritters. Her average dinner was varied with plovers, veal pies, custards, boiled partridges, boiled beef, snipes, pheasants, chicken pies, and tarts, and cost on an average £4 a dinner. As an exception, she had baked chickens, sallets, tongues, teal, and deer's dowsetts, bitterns and baked larks, and, above all, brewis. Her suppers were of the same kind on fast days; the fish dinners were of great variety, but much less expensive; the first course included long pike, salmon, haddock, whiting, gurnet, tench, and brill; the second, sturgeon, conger, carp, eels, lamperns, chine of salmon, perch, lobster, tarts, and creams; the side dishes were sturgeon, porpoise, fish collops and eggs, dories, soles and lampere pies, cod, broiled conger, bream, and red fish; the second course sometimes included warden pie, smelts, boiled veal, boiled mutton, pullets, partridges, and pasado. We rather shudder at such rich food as gulls, and "great birds" (whatever short of a buzzard they may be), nor is porpoise in-

DESIGN FOR A RUSTIC BALCONY.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

We give our readers this week a design for a charming rustic balcony, as inexpensive as it is picturesque. The way the original of this was constructed was as follows. The window opened towards a lawn, and being raised some eighteen or twenty inches from the ground, and not available as a passage to the flower-garden, and being moreover the window of a favorite room, it occurred to the occupant of the latter to construct a kind of balcony which should contain a miniature flower-garden in itself. You see Mahomet could not go to the mountain, and therefore he set himself to devise how the mountain could be made to come to Mahomet! He effected his ends in this way:—Having obtained about a hundred bricks, he raised a kind of single brick wall (without mortar) against a portion of the building to which the balcony was to be attached, up to the level of the sill of the window. At each end of the required space, he carried out short lateral walls of the same nature to the distance of four feet, and then joined them in front by a longitudinal layer of bricks, of the same height, similar to the one against the wall of the house, the last-named layer or wall being adopted in order to prevent the wall of the house from becoming injured either by damp or any other cause. An oblong square pit, four feet by eight, and about eighteen inches deep, was thus formed, which he proceeded to strengthen outside by a sloping embankment of stiff earth, which was, when complete, covered with turf. The interior of the pit was then filled with dry rubbish till within four inches of the top, and then made level with the brickwork by a superstratum of nice gravel, first levelled with the rake, and then patted firmly down with the flat side of the spade, taking care that the general surface formed an inclined plane, sloping *from* the window towards the garden, just as balcony slabs are always placed by builders, an arrangement by means of which the rain may run off immediately, either from a stone slab or a surface of smooth gravel. The surface thus obtained required to be watered several times with a watering-can, with very fine holes in order that the gravel might not be washed out of place, for which reason also very little water had to be used at a time, till the surface became quite hard and settled.

The main difficulty in the construction of the rustic balcony was now overcome, and it only remained to fence it with the balustrade of branch-work. For this purpose, two bundles of stakes were required, the one of at least two inches in diameter, and the other somewhat more slender. The strong stakes, with the bark on, were driven into the embankment close to the bricks, till their tops remained at the requisite height above the level of the balcony; these formed the uprights, as shown in the design, to which the more ornamental portion of the work is affixed. The whole of the front piece was then framed together of the thinner stakes, hollows being cut in each stake where the design required them to cross each other, in order that the work might adhere more compactly. It was found more convenient to nail the parts together at these crossings; and when the whole front was well knit together, it was tried against the already fixed uprights, and the places carefully marked where it required to be attached to them; the places so marked were then hollowed out, so as to enable the ornamental work to lie neatly and compactly against its supports, to which the best way of fastening it, without shaking the work, was found to be by means of sharp screws, of sufficient length to take a good hold. Then the trifling cracks and chippings in the bark were touched with a little dark-brown paint, and the balcony was done. Had a carpenter done it, of course these imperfections would not have existed, but it was the work of an amateur, and any amateur of any moderate constructive ability, can do as well. Any trifling inaccuracies in the workmanship will be concealed by training a few climbing plants over the work. It only remains then to line the rustic balcony with long mignionette boxes, or any other receptacles for plants, of whatever form the taste of the arranger may suggest.

These receptacles may be sown with a mixture of mignionette and Virginia stock, and at distances, to train to the rustic-work, sweet-peas should be placed; taking care, however, to leave space for a few fuchsias, scarlet geraniums, and other plants of that class, which may be placed out with safety in such a situation, especially if the aspect be south or south-westerly. It will be seen that in the design, three arch-like openings are left in the lower portion of the rustic work. These openings have been contrived in order that they might form rustic portals, from which a little cascade of floral beauty and luxuriance might be made, as it were, to flow down the turf embankment. This effect can be produced by three fine plants of verbena, planted within the balcony, and trained outwards; the centre one being white, of a strong, free-flowering kind, and the two others of the best and most vivid scarlet kinds. The effect thus produced will amply repay the trouble of its preparation. The trellisses against the wall may be covered with the fast-growing double pink convolvulus, a hardy and vigorous plant, which will soon run over the whole of the trellis, and cover itself with a profusion of large rose-like blossoms. But the reader's own taste, aided by the advice of friends, will suggest the proper floral adornment.

Now go and build your rustic balcony!

MODERN ESTIMATION OF CROMWELL'S CHARACTER.—"Modern investigation demonstrates," says a writer in the Edinburg Review, "that Cromwell was no hypocrite or actor of plays, had no vanity or pride in the prodigious intellect he possessed, was no theorist in politics or government, was no victim of ambition, was no seeker after sovereignty or temporal power. That he was a man whose every thought was with the Eternal—a man of great, robust, massive mind, and of an honest, stout, English heart; subject to melancholy for the most part, because of the deep yearnings of his soul for the sense of Divine forgiveness, but inflexible and resolute always, because in all things governed by the Supreme Law. That in him was seen a man whom no fear but of the Divine anger could distract; whom no honor in man's bestowal could secure or betray; who knew the duty of the hour to be imperative, and who sought only to do the work, whatever it might be, whereunto he believed God to have called him. That here was one of those rare souls which could lay upon itself the lowliest and the highest functions alike, can find itself, in them all, self-contained and sufficient—the dutiful, gentle son, the quiet country gentleman, the sportive, tender husband, the fond father, the active soldier, the daring political leader, the powerful sovereign—under each aspect still steady and unmoved to the transient outward appearances of the world, and wrestling and trampling forward to the sublime hopes of another, and passing through every instant of its term of life as through a Marston Moor, a Worcester, a Dunbar. That such a man could not have consented to take part in public affairs under any compulsion less strong than that of conscience. That his business in them was to serve the Lord, and to bring his country under subjection to God's laws.

Letter from England.

NATIONAL GRUMBLING—LAW AMENDMENT SOCIETY—PARLIAMENT AND "WOMAN'S RIGHTS"—LORD CHANCELLOR AND THE DIVORCE BILL—OCCUPATIONS FOR WOMEN—THE NIGHTINGALE FUND—RISTORI IN LONDON.

LONDON, June 12, 1856.

Messrs. Eds. Sat. Eve. Post:

The English have long enjoyed the character of being one of the most conservative nations under the sun, and yet it must be acknowledged that by no nation has grumbling ever been brought to such a pitch of perfection. It is really a national passion to attack and pick to pieces individually every point in their Government, Constitution, national character, social institutions, &c., all the time upholding with equal vigor the general proposition that in these, and every other respect, they are, on the whole, one of the most enlightened and fortunate of nations. It is probably to this trait of their character that the English owe the innumerable societies for promoting or opposing every imaginable end and object, with which the country is filled. One of the most general and influential of these, the proceedings of which are just now attracting a great deal of attention, is the "Law Amendment Society." This is a society comprising among its members many of the most influential and distinguished public men of England, such as Lord Brougham, Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Stanley, many influential members of Parliament, distinguished barristers, &c., the object of which is, as its name indicates, to bring forward and support all well-founded propositions for improving the laws of the country. The society holds a weekly meeting, and publishes a weekly journal, in which all Parliamentary Papers, Bills, Acts, &c., and all questions relative to the operation, abuses, or alterations of the law are discussed. Two great questions have lately been taken up by the society, two of the "vexed questions" with relation to women, namely, the laws with regard to property of married women, and of divorce. During the present session of Parliament, several petitions have been sent in, signed in all by nearly 40,000 women, praying for an alteration of the laws of property as regards married women. The Law Amendment Society took up the question, and have published a report on the law relating to the property of married women, in which they compare the law of England in this respect with that of other nations, and show that it is far less liberal than that of either France or America—in fact, except by means of expensive settlements, entirely out of the reach of the poorer classes. It is utterly impossible for women once married to hold any species of property, or even their own earnings; moreover, to complete the confusion, it appears that the provisions of the common law, and those of the Court of Equity, are perfectly at variance, so that what is *strictly forbidden* by one Court, is *granted* by the other, and to the uninitiated the only wonder is, how questions of the kind ever get decided at all. A public meeting was held on the subject last week, the audience was composed chiefly of ladies, and the literary women of England were well represented. Mrs. Jamieson, Mrs. Howitt, Mrs. Gaskell, and many others, were present, and seemed to take great interest in the proceedings—having, indeed, been the active parties engaged in getting up the petitions which called forth the action of the Law Amendment Society. *A few days after*, the matter was brought before Parliament, and its reception was a perfect specimen of the way in which all such measures are treated by that cautious and respectable body. The Attorney General, and most of the members who spoke upon the occasion, unanimously agreed that there was great room for improvement in the laws referred to, but suggested that the proper way to bring the affair to a social point of view, was as an exemplification of how, under all forms of modern society, the same great principles and interests come up under *different shapes*. *It is interesting to observe* how all the questions which form the serious foundation of the so-called "Woman's Rights Movement" are beginning to stir up the quiet of English conservatism. The modifications which the progress of social institutions and of business must introduce into the social and industrial position of women, has become one of the general national topics of discussion, and no wonder that it is so in a country where the last census shows a majority of something like 700,000 women, and where the fear of the results is an obstacle to the introduction of sewing machines, which English masters of large clothing establishments, &c., will really not venture to face. Among other proposals of new occupations suited to the immense class of women needing employment, a good deal of attention has been called by *Mr. Bennett*, a large London watchmaker, to the success of his experiments in employing women in some departments of watch making, especially in that of engraving. In the letters on the subject which he published in the papers, he states that he has found the change of female for male apprentices very much to his advantage wherever delicacy of fingers and of eye was required.

The experiment of introducing women into the medical organization of the army in the Crimea, has had a great effect in bringing these topics before the public attention, and the sympathy of the people in the movement is manifest in the steady growth of the Nightingale fund, already amounting to thirty-five thousand pounds, and which will probably reach a much larger sum. *It* is proposed to allow Miss Nightingale one of the London hospitals as a practical school for training nurses, of all classes, her plan being before Parliament, would be to take measures to frame a bill, to be preferred to a Committee, to be reported on at the end of the session, to be talked about next session, and upon which action would be taken probably about the time that our present social customs may have become interesting subjects of antiquarian research to our remote descendants.

The new "Divorce Bill" of Lord Chancellor Cranworth, is another measure which is perplexing the heads of English Statesmen, and arousing the ire of English ladies, who, though not remarkably given to exercising what rights of divorce they have, do not seem inclined to give them up entirely. The object of the bill is to simplify the legal process for obtaining divorce in those cases in which English law admits of it, that it may be within the power of the poor to accomplish it, while at present the immense expense involved entirely prohibits them from doing. It is expressly provided, however, that the husband alone shall have the right of suing for a divorce, Lord Cranworth sagely remarking that practically divorce was almost never granted at the suit of the wife, only four cases in which the women had obtained a divorce being on record within fifty years, and that therefore it was quite unnecessary to make provision for so rare an occurrence. The illiberal and one-sided character of the bill however, brought Lord Lyndhurst, one of the pillars of the Law Amendment Society, into the field, and called out a noble speech from him, which proved that even at his advanced age, eighty-four, he was a son of whom New England may still be proud. A good deal of discussion followed, and the bill will probably be registered, but the troublesome questions thus aroused will hardly be allowed to rest. Indeed it is not a little interesting to have in connexion with the hospital, an establishment which shall be the centre of organization of the whole profession of nursing, to give a complete course of training to an efficient body of women to apply gradually not only hospitals and public institutions of all kinds, but private families, the out patients of hospitals, &c., with well trained attendants, of all classes, Miss N.'s favorite idea being to make of nursing a profession which shall afford an opening not only for a class of poor women, but also in the capacity of superintendents, and for women of education. In short, to make her institution the centre of an organization which shall give to nursing the same character of general union, of earnestness, and of claim to public respect that is given to it by the orders of Religieuses abroad, but with a freedom, a wide aim, and a complete preliminary training, such as those orders do not possess.

But Parliamentary discussion and philanthropic projects have not entirely absorbed public attention, and during the past week the artistic portion of the community have been roused to a perfect *furor* of delight by the visit of Madame Ristori, the well known Italian actress, who for the last year has disputed with Rachel, the admiration of the Paris public. Since the time of Mrs. Siddons no actress has had such a success in England, and night after night the Lyceum Theatre is crowded by classes who rarely are drawn there in England, by the wonderful artistic power which she displays in her favorite character of Medea, a play by the French dramatist M. Legouve, certainly of no extraordinary merit in itself, but in which Madame Ristori seems to find scope to exemplify what the genius of the artist may do upon the stage. She has one great advantage over her celebrated rival, namely rare personal beauty. A tall, commanding figure, features of classic perfection, deep blue eyes so expressive that they seem hardly to require the aid of a voice which, without being loud, seems to include the whole scale of passion and feeling, and a countenance which is transparent to every change of sentiment and expression, these are gifts of no small value to an artist. Her costume was designed by the great French painter, Ary Scheffer, and is in itself a work of art, and the whole part, from her first desolate appearance on the seashore, to the wild power of the last scene, is certainly one of the most wonderful representations that the stage has ever presented. The play of Medea in which Madame Ristori has obtained such signal triumphs was originally written for Rachel, who agreed to play it, then, finding the part did not suit her, refused it. The author sued her, and she was obliged to fulfill her engagement, or pay a heavy fine for forfeiting it; accordingly she revenged herself by acting it in such a manner as insured the failure of the play. Upon this Ristori adopted the character, and even Rachel, who is said to have been hardly able to restrain her emotion at the sight of Madame Ristori's first success, acknowledged the wonderful merit she displays in it.

A Virginian Banished from the State.

The Alexandria (Va.) *Sentinel*, of June 27th, contains the following report:

At a large and respectable meeting held at Piedmont Station, on the 20th inst., for the purpose of expressing their sentiments in relation to the course pursued by John C. Underwood, of Clarke county, and George Rye, of Shenandoah, at the Black Republican Convention recently held at Philadelphia, on motion of Mr. Thomas Smith, Robert Singleton, Esq., was called to the chair, and Edwin T. Ashby appointed secretary. The chair appointed the following gentlemen to draft a preamble and resolutions, which were unanimously adopted: John Thomas Smith, Frank L. Fred, Fleet G. Rust, Turner Ashby, and John Scott, Committee.

Whereas, Having learned through the public prints, that John C. Underwood, of Clarke county, and George Rye, of Shenandoah county, were conspicuous in the Black Republican Convention, recently held in Philadelphia, and by their acts and speeches left the impression that they represented that portion of Virginia in which they reside—

Resolved, That as Virginians we do not recognize the principles of the platform as set forth upon that occasion, but believe them to be unjust and incendiary in their tendency, and calculated to sever the bonds which bind us as one people.

Resolved, That said Underwood and Rye, in constituting themselves as delegates to represent Virginia, acted in such a manner as to leave the impression that their obnoxious principles were gaining a foothold in our State, which we pronounce a libel upon our institutions, and an insult to us as citizens.

Resolved, That while we discard all *isms* and sectional parties, and recognize none but those who adhere to the *Constitution* and the *Union as it is*, we indignantly repel all interference with our constitutional rights, and hold up to the contempt of all law-abiding citizens the vile incendiaries who have dared to misrepresent us in the Convention referred to.

Resolved, That a committee be appointed to wait upon Mr. Underwood, and inform him of the just feelings of indignation created by his course in the Convention referred to, together with his former (reputed) course in regard to the institution of slavery, and that they deem it just and advisable that he should leave the State as speedily as he can find it in his power so to do.

Resolved, That the Alexandria Gazette, Alexandria Sentinel, Virginia papers generally, the National Intelligencer, and Baltimore Sun, are requested to insert the above as an act of justice to the citizens of our State. ROBERT SINGLETON, Chairman.

EDWIN S. ASHBY, Secretary.

The particulars of the case are detailed as follows in another paper:

Among the delegates to the Philadelphia Convention, was Mr. John C. Underwood, an extensive planter, residing in Clarke county, Virginia. During the sessions of the Convention, Mr. Underwood made a brief speech, in the course of which he referred to and quoted the forebodings of Jefferson in regard to slavery, and begged the Convention to prevent, if possible, "the curse which was blasting Virginia from spreading over the virgin soil of Kansas." This speech, when it reached his home, gave great offence, and a meeting was held a few days since at Piedmont, at which Mr. Underwood and his speech were not only denounced, but he himself was recommended to leave the State as soon as he could possibly make arrangements to do so.

Mr. Underwood was not wholly unprepared for this demonstration. A day or two before his return to his home he received a letter from his wife, which runs as follows:

"June 2d, 1856.—My dear John C.: A friend communicated to me yesterday that there existed the greatest excitement and indignation against you for representing the State of Virginia in the Philadelphia Convention, and making, as reported in the Herald, an anti-slavery speech. As far as we have learned, the excitement is at Markham Station, Piedmont, and Paris. —— told our friend, they were watching at Piedmont on Saturday for your arrival, and he had no doubt if you had come that day, so great was the fury, that you would have met with personal violence. The friend said to me, 'If I could have been there the man or men who offered Mr. Underwood personal violence would have felt a few of my heaviest blows.' Mr. —— and Mr. —— are the leaders at Piedmont; who at Paris, I do not know. At Markham Station the leaders say they go for giving you notice, and a reasonable time to wind up your business and leave the State. I send this morning to Alexandria to mail this letter at that place, and telegraph to you to remain in New York until you receive it. I know not what to advise. I am afraid the excitement will meet you if you come. You know I am a Jackson, and I could not have Jackson blood in my veins without resisting till the last drop is shed in defence of life and liberty, but I do not believe in courting mob law or martyrdom. I feel greatly troubled at this state of things, and fear if your speech can be obtained it will exasperate the people here greatly. I hope you will be prudent; remain awhile in New York. Write immediately, and tell me what to do on the farm, and I will try to have your wishes carried out as nearly as I can.

"With sorrow and much love, I remain, as ever,

"Your devoted wife,

"M. G. UNDERWOOD."

The authoress of this letter, who is to share her husband's exile, is said to be connected by blood with some of the best families of Virginia. There is one district in the State which was represented in Congress for more than thirty years by members of her family; by Col. George Jackson, her grandfather; by Edward B. Jackson, her father; and by John G. Jackson, her uncle, whose first wife was a sister of Mrs. Madison, and whose second wife and widow, now residing in Virginia, was the only daughter of Return J. Meigs, formerly Postmaster-General, and also Governor of the State of Ohio. Mr. Underwood was born in Herkimer county, N.Y.

AMERICAN NAMES.—Messrs. Grinn and Barret, are mentioned "out West" as having names appropriate to the present hard times. Mrs. McCollick keeps a millinery shop in New York. Mr. Strikman formerly kept a tavern at Striker's Bay, near New York. Major Whistler introduced the steam whistle in the American locomotives.—*Notes and Queries.*

A RESTAURANT SCENE.—"Let me have a piece well done," said Pat the Irish waiter, addressing the carver, who was busy cutting a round of roast beef. "Is it for a gentleman?" "No, sir." "For a lady?" "No, sir." "For a child, then?" "No, sir." "Well, who under heavens is it for?" asked the excited carver. "*For a tailor* from Boston," replied Pat.

AFFAIRS AT PANAMA.—A letter, written on board of the U. S. ship St. Mary's at Panama, says:—

"A rather amusing little episode occurred here on the evening of the 25th ult., on the occasion of a ball given by our very able and efficient Consul, Thomas Wm. Ward, Esq., the facts of which, as far as I am able to learn, are these:—A drunken sailor called upon the bar-keeper of a drinking-saloon for more liquor, which the bar keeper refused to supply him; in consequence of which the sailor made an attack upon the bar-keeper, snapping his revolver at him two or three times, and then escaping into the street, where, happening to meet with the French Consul, Count Nolant, he attacked him. In this, however, he came off second best. The Count, who, by-the-way, although rather past the meridian of life, is nevertheless a powerfully-framed man, 'muscular and strongly knit of frame,' proved too much for the pugnacious 'matelot.' He disarmed and threw him on the ground, where the scamp was secured by the police and taken to prison.

"To show how inflammable the inhabitants of this place are, it will only be necessary to state that scarcely ten minutes had elapsed when the denizens of 'El Crimago' began pouring into the city, vowing immediate vengeance on foreigners of all distinctions. The preconcerted signals were made by the Consul of the United States to the St. Mary's, of 'trouble on shore,' whereupon the usual means of summoning 'all hands to quarters' were resorted to—boats manned and armed, ammunition passed up, and every thing got in readiness for an immediate attack upon the city. Captain Baily commanded the boat expedition in person, with Lieutenants Hays, Jenett and Benham assisting, leaving Lieutenant J. M. Frailey in command of the ship. After pulling in a sufficient distance to discern objects on shore, the Captain detached Lieut. Benham to make a reconnoissance, which service was ably and expeditiously performed by that officer, and resulted in the facts as stated—the drunken sailor *versus* bar-keeper and French Consul. There are various versions of the affair, the 'natives' taking it rather as an indignity offered to the most mighty and puissant State of Panama, having as a pretext the landing of Lieut. Benham and an armed boat's crew. A day or two subsequent to the affair, the *Panamena*, government official organ, appeared in an article censuring, in the severest manner, the course pursued by our Consul and Captain Bailey."

POLITICAL NEWS.

KENTUCKY WHIG STATE CONVENTION.—The Whig State Convention of Kentucky met at Louisville on July 3rd. Seventeen counties were represented. They adopted the Lexington Whig platform, adding a resolution that Congress should pass stringent laws to prohibit the importation of foreign paupers and felons, and that the term for naturalizing foreigners be lengthened; and further resolved that the Convention deemed it impolitic to make nominations for the Presidency, &c., and recommended to the Whigs of the Union to hold no National Convention, but that every Whig vote for the candidate whose principles conform nearest to his own.

A resolution, expressing the confidence of the Whigs of Kentucky in Mr. Fillmore, and saying he is as worthy their support as in 1848, was rejected by a vote of sixteen counties to one in its favor. Joshua *F.* Bell and Judge Kinkead supported the resolution.

The Convention then adjourned *sine die*.

WHIG MOVEMENT IN MASSACHUSETTS.—The Whig State Central Committee in session in Boston on July 2nd, at the American House, voted to call a State Convention of the Whigs of Massachusetts, to meet at Boston on the 3rd of September, and in the meantime to issue an address to the people.

The Hon. George Lunt and others spoke before the Committee, urging the necessity of keeping the Whig party intact in the present crisis, and advising a masterly inactivity in regard to the Presidential campaign, so far as to avoid any expression of preference for any of the candidates concerned.

THE AMERICAN CONVENTION at Springfield, Massachusetts ratified the nomination of Fremont on the evening of July 1st, by nearly one hundred majority. A party of about a hundred bolted from the Convention and organizing, ratified the nomination of Fillmore.

POLITICAL CONVENTION IN MAINE.—The Democratic and Whig State Convention both met at Bangor on July 1st. They were largely attended, and much enthusiasm existed in both Conventions.

The Democrats nominated Samuel S. Wells for re-election as Governor, and Wm. P. Haines and Joshua A. Lowell for Electors at large.

The Whigs nominated George E. Patten for Governor. The Convention was decidedly National, and adverse to a fusion with the Republicans.

COL. FREMONT wrote a letter to the American National Convention on June 30th, responding to their nomination of him for the Presidency, and promising in a few days to transmit a paper in which his views on the leading subjects now at issue in the Presidential contest will be fully declared.

NEWS ITEMS.

MR. BROOKS.—*Mr. Brooks*, accompanied by Messrs. Orr and Keitt, appeared in the Criminal Court, at Washington, on June 30th, that being the day fixed for his trial. The witnesses were, however, discharged until further notice, in consequence of the District Attorney receiving a note from Mr. Sumner, saying that his physician did not think it prudent for him to attend the Court at present, owing to the condition of his health.

ON SATURDAY EVENING while Mr. John Williams, lamplighter at the West End, was lighting the street lamps on his route, he discovered that a large swarm of bees had taken possession of the inside of the large glass lamp case at the corner of Poplar and Spring streets. Instead of attempting to light that lamp, he carefully removed it, and carried it to his house in Fruit Street Court, where he succeeded in hiving the busy insects. The following morning he replaced the lamp and reported to the Superintendent of Lamps the reason for its not being lighted, and under the circumstances the excuse was considered sufficient.—*Boston paper.*

AN INDIAN'S GOOD WISHES.—Red Jacket took part with the Indians in the war of 1812, and becoming attached to a Colonel who was ordered on a distant service, took his farewell of him in the following speech:

"Brother, I hear you are going to a place called Governor's Island. I hope you will be a Governor yourself. I understand you white people think children a great blessing. I hope you may have a thousand. And above all, I hope, wherever you may go, you may never find whiskey more than two shillings a quart."

THE FROG TRADE.—The Albany (N. Y.) Argus says that a man is constantly engaged in that city, in buying up frogs for the New York market, where they command a high price. So, it appears, the consumption of this delicacy is not confined to Frenchmen.

A GENUINE YANKEE NOTION.—A Dr. Deck, of New York, who, according to the Baltimore (Md.) Sun, has explored the entire Valley of the Nile, estimates "that the mummy pits of the Nile contain about five hundred millions of embalmed Egyptians, who, with their linen and papyrus cerements, would furnish excellent material for first-class paper, as the adipose and muscular matter of these bodies has all been converted into fibre, it can be converted into pulp with the same facility as vegetable matter." The doctor therefore recommends these mummy catacombe, as containing an almost inexhaustible supply of paper-making material.

The Editor of a New York paper while recently confined to his bed by severe illness, wrote to his assistant as follows:

"They say I am better to-day; I suppose I suffer more now from externals than from bodily pain. What with the extent night, and is the day a young lady at the next door, who is trying her prettiest to be a prima donna, it is hard to say when I shall be released from this bed. Please send me one of Sharpe's rifles, that I may silence the feline ruffians on the shed; and send, also, a shallow young man, with long light hair, a smooth face, and a drawling voice, to quiet the musical prodigy in embryo."

INDICTMENT AND IMPRISONMENT OF HERBERT.—Mr. Herbert, member of Congress from California, was indicted at Washington, on July 2nd, for the murder of Thomas Keating, and committed to jail to await his trial.

Some of the Vigilance Committee, who doubtless thought that rebellion is rather an unsafe proceeding left San Francisco on the last steamer. As soon as they arrived in New York, they were recognized by some of the persons whom they had expelled from California, and the latter made a violent assault upon them. This was returning Lynch law upon them in a manner that they did not expect, and the Vigilance Committee showed their activity in flight. They will probably come to the conclusion that Lynch law is a very abominable institution.

A COSTA-RICAN RAILROAD has been suggested by some English capitalists, who have made a contract for the construction of ten miles of it. It is to extend from San Jose, the capital, to the Pacific, and will be another high way to California and the western coast.

GOVERNOR BIGLER.—The statement that the California Vigilance Committee had sent word to Governor Bigler not to return to that State, is flatly contradicted.

BALTIMORE CATTLE MARKET.

The receipts of Beef Cattle were heavy, and the sales show a decline since last week of 25 to 37½ cts. ₩ 100 lbs. The offerings of the scales were about 1200 head, a considerable part of which were from Ohio, en route to Philadelphia and N. York. Of the cattle offered, 340 were driven to Philadelphia, 100 to N. York, 250 were left over unsold, and the balance, 540 head, were taken by Baltimore butchers at prices ranging from $5,50 to $6 on the hoof, equal to $7@$7,75 net, and averaging $6,44 gross. Very few cattle were sold at either extreme.

HOGS.—Hogs continue in fair supply. The demand is moderately active, and last week's prices are sustained. Sales were made at $7,25@$7,50 ₩ 100 lbs.

SHEEP.—The supply is light, particularly of good qualities. Prices are however unchanged, and we quote them as before at $2,00@$4 ₩ 100 lbs. gross.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
July 7th, 1856.

The market, as is usually the case at this season of the year, has been inactive and dull during the past week, the celebration of our national anniversary having, to some extent, interrupted the current course of business.

This is always the dullest week in the season for the sale of either foreign or domestic dry goods. A few small lots have been taken to supply the immediate wants of the jobbers. The fall goods have not yet been exhibited. There is, however, an inquiry for printing cloths, large sales have been made in Providence and Fall River, we hear, at prices. This has brought purchasers to the market for these goods, however, are firm, at about an advance on last week's prices.

The late news from England—that we will have no war—will tend to increase the importations—as goods come out on consignment which otherwise would have been returned at home. It would have been quite as well for our regular importers, those who buy for their goods on the other side, had the excitement been kept up longer.

In the absence of trade, it is difficult to say how prices will compare with those of last Fall. The fact is very apparent that many styles should be higher or there will be a loss. Many kinds of Wool and Woolen goods must bring a considerable advance. In a few weeks we will be in the height of the Fall trade, and then we may expect a good season. Remittances are scarce and wanted at improved rates. Stock remains dull. Corn meets with a steady demand without change in quotations. Cotton is bringing very full rates, but buyers take hold with caution. In Canales there has been a speculative movement, with large sales of Adamantine at rather better prices. For Provisions the demand is less active, but holders are very firm in their views. The Provision market continues excited, and all descriptions of the long greases have an upward tendency. Iron rules dull. Hemp, Hides and Leather are dull, with reduced stocks to operate in. Hops have advanced. Naval Stores and Oils are unchanged. Plaster is scarce. Rice is more active, and holders are asking an

NEWS FROM EUROPE.

The Cunard steamer Canada arrived at Boston on the 3rd instant, with Liverpool dates to the 21st ult. The U. S. mail steamer Hermann arrived at New York from Southampton on the 3rd instant, with London papers to the 18th ult.

The news is generally unimportant.

The excitement consequent on Mr. Crampton's arrival out, speedily subsided, and as Mr. Dallas was not to be dismissed, the recruiting business was regarded as definitely settled, and hopes were freely interchanged that the Central American question would soon be also.

Mr. Buchanan's nomination made but little stir.

Peace meetings and friendly addresses to America were abundant.

Mr. Baillie's motion in the House of Commons, respecting the American difficulties, and on which it was supposed that the Palmerston Ministry would be defeated and resign, is withdrawn.

The British press is just beginning to realize the fact that Mr. Crampton was a great blunderer, and has really violated the laws of the country to which he was accredited. The Times pitches into that functionary very severely.

[From the London Times of the 18th.]

For ourselves, while exculpating, as Mr. Marcy does in his letter, our own Government from the charge of intending to violate the United States law, we have all along felt that it was impossible to answer for what the acts of an individual official in a complicated and distant transaction might have been. It appears from Mr. Marcy's despatch that Mr. Crampton has not been wholly faultless; that he certainly seems to have taken an active part in proceedings which were pronounced illegal by the United States Courts; and, what is still more unfortunate, persisted in continuing these proceedings even after this decision against them.

We do not doubt Mr. Crampton's fidelity, zeal and activity in the task which was given him, but he appears to have wanted caution and dignity, and not to have been considerate or particular enough in the means and the instruments which he employed for his object. We do not doubt in the least Mr. Crampton's faithful devotion to his own Government and good intentions towards the Government to which he was sent. But there is such a thing as careless and undisciplined fidelity, which tells its master, "Oh, trust me; I know what you want, and I'll do it, and I won't be particular, either." There is a fidelity to a master which implies too little self-respect in the servant. Mr. Crampton appears to have wanted self-respect in the kind of persons with whom he connected himself in these transactions and the style of proceeding he adopted, and to have managed the affair on a free and easy principle, never intending, perhaps, really to offend the United States Government, or to violate the United States law, but simply thinking that "it didn't signify," that it was of no use sticking at a trifle, and that the United States Government would never make a fuss about such a little matter. But this was a line unfortunately most unsuitable for dealing with a jealous and ticklish people like our friends across the Atlantic, most tender about their dignity, and on the look-out for the slightest indication of a difference of behaviour towards themselves and European Governments.

Mr. Crampton was certainly not the man to send as Minister to the United States. But the truth is, the United States is not a favorite embassy, and it is not very easy always to get the man you want for it.

[From the London Daily News, 17th.]

We have no hesitation in declaring it to be our opinion that a door is here opened for negotiations, which, if conducted on both sides with a sincere desire to arrive speedily at an equitable and lasting settlement, might soon put a period to our difficulties with the United States, so far as Central America is concerned. For various reasons we should prefer direct negotiation between England and the United States, to arbitration. Independent nations are rather reluctant to submit to arbitral decisions when judgment is given against them, and pleas are easily devised for evading a reference to arbitration. If Mr. Dallas and Lord Clarendon would meet each other in the same spirit that animated Lord Ashburton and Mr. Webster when they met to settle the Northwest Boundary question, the points proposed to be referred to arbitration might satisfactorily be disposed of at one or two meetings.

The fact is, that the only one of these questions that admits of a serious discussion is that which relates to the boundary of our British settlement at Belize. The Bay Islands are beyond a doubt *part of the republic of Honduras, and the English occupation of them is an act of usurpation.* The Mosquitan Protectorate is a farce. The so-called King of Mosquitia is merely the half-savage chief of one of the native tribes thinly scattered along the coast between the frontiers of Honduras and Costa Rica. By the public law of all the colonizing Powers of Europe and America he and his people stand in the same relation to the government which can establish a claim to the territory they occupy as the Indians in the United States do to the Government at Washington, or the Maori of New Zealand to our own Government. Great Britain claims no territorial rights in Mosquitia, and one or other of the Spanish republics there has inherited it as successor to old Spain.

The equitable settlement of these mooted points would be best effected by a declaratory treaty, in which it was agreed: That a joint commission should be appointed to run the boundary line between the British settlement of Belize and the Republic of Honduras; that Great Britain should restore the Bay Islands to the Republic of Honduras; and that the district called Mosquita should be placed under the sovereignty of the Spanish American Republic that can show the best title to it, the same rights being secured to the Indians inhabiting the territory, under the joint guarantee of England and the United States, that are enjoyed by the aborigines in the United States and New Zealand. The ground would thus be cleared for a mutual understanding between the Governments of England and the United States as the system of international law which both are to recognize in future as established throughout the continents of America and the waters of the Pacific and the Atlantic. This is, however, a wide subject, the consideration of which must be postponed till a future opportunity. For the present the general feeling of the country will, we are confident, be one of great satisfaction that our friendly relations with our kinsmen across the Atlantic are not likely to be disturbed upon grounds so puerile as the dismissal of an incompetent diplomatist, or the claim of a shadowy protectorate.

[From the Morning Post.]

Mr. D'Israeli was right, no doubt, in his observation last night that the enlistment question, and what Mr. Crampton, or his agents or his correspondents, had done or written, was not the real reason of the display of ill-feeling upon the part of the Government of the United States, which gives us so much trouble, and the whole world so much apprehension. An idea has, no doubt, been engendered in their minds that England is jealous of the growth of America, and stands in her path, an obstacle to the expansion of her territory and the increase of her power. We are not, as Americans use and understand the word, "jealous" of them, neither are we averse to the legitimate expansion of their power; but the modes in which they have attempted to advance themselves by the deglutition by foul means, when fair failed, of every attractive possession in the hands of weaker neighbors, compelled watchfulness, and created justifiable suspicion. Nor can we, consistently with our duty to other countries with which we are in connection, or with a proper care of our own position and interests, permit that complete absorption and ultimate isolation of all the States of the Western world, which some of America's most famous and accredited statesmen contemplate as the legitimate object of the mission of the United States. If Mr. Dallas has power, and possesses ability and temper, to settle the great and vexed questions to which the progressive expansion of his country has given rise, so as to prevent war now and for years to come, and so as to obtain through the voice of the American people the recognition of some principles founded in reason and justice, by which that expansion shall be governed—for proceed, we are aware, it will and must in some shape, and under some conditions—we, for one, shall be content to accept such a consummation in exchange for that great concession which the crown of Great Britain has just made to the Cabinet of President Pierce.

Sir Edmund Lyons is to be raised to the Peerage for services rendered in the Black Sea, being the only Peer manufactured from the war with Russia.

The Queen gave a grand ball on the evening of the 17th. Two thousand invitations had been given out. Mr. Dallas was present.

Prince Napoleon is visiting English ports in a yacht.

Collections continue in England for the sufferers from the inundation in France.

The baneful Ribbon system is prevailing extensively in the north-western counties of Ireland. Owing to instructions from the Government, the constabulary are making great exertions to break up the confederacy. In Donegal, one day last week, twenty-one persons were marched into Lifford by the constabulary, and committed for trial at the Assizes.

FRANCE.—Louis Napoleon is taking steps to have the Empress appointed Regent for her son.

The project of a law on the subject has been sent to the Senate and debated with closed doors. It proposes that in case of the Emperor's demise, the Empress shall reign, assisted by the Council of the Regency, whose names the Emperor will leave under a sealed envelope. Meanwhile the government papers are writing up the project.

In case of the death of the Empress, the Regency *to pass to the senior Prince of France, thence to the other Princes the order of hereditary succession, and, failing them all, to the Council of Regency chosen by the Senate.*

Two and a-half millions of francs have been collected for the sufferers from inundation.

RUSSIA.—The Russian Government is turning attention to its American Territory.

An expedition is fitting out at Hamburg by a Russian American Company to sail next month for the Russian American territory. The expedition is of the nature of a new colony, numbering five hundred persons, including artificers all of kinds. The Russian ships Czarowitch and Constantine, and a Hamburg steamer will convey the expedition.

The latest advices from St. Petersburgh state that in consequence of the dearness of provisions in the Crimea and the sickness which prevails there, a decree has been issued prohibiting all persons not inhabitants from landing there.

AUSTRIA.—The Morning Post's correspondent writes from Vienna, that Marshal Radetsky has communicated from Lombardy with his Government stating that if certain symptoms of excitement continued in the Lombardo-Venitian Provinces he should demand an increase of 30,000 Austrian troops. On receipt of this despatch a counsel was summoned, at which the Emperor presided, when it was agreed that the increased force should be accorded, if necessary. The same writer says, "I understand a note has been received by the French Government, which is very haughty and independent."

ITALY.—Two or three changes have taken place in the Sardinian Ministry, the chief one being the appointment of Gen. La Marmora to the War Department.

Baron Wener, Austrian under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, has gone to Rome. It is rumored his object is to convince, if possible, Cardinal Antonelli and his colleagues of making necessary reforms.

DENMARK.—The treaty of commerce between Denmark and the United States expired on the 14th of June. On the 17th, the American vessel Sarah Bryant, Capt. Jefferson, arrived, bound from Cronstadt to New York, with a cargo of Russian produce. She paid the Sound dues, but under protest.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

The steamship Baltic, from Liverpool, with dates to the 25th ult., arrived on the 6th inst.

The London papers notice that the interior English newspapers, and the cheap press generally, have devoted themselves to a rational exposition of the difficulties between their country and America, and conduced much to the popular enlightenment on that subject. The country also appears gratified with Mr. Buchanan's nomination. The public feeling has so far subsided as to have no unsettling effect on the markets.

The London Times advises Great Britain to hurry up a settlement of the Central American question before the election of Mr. Buchanan to the Presidency.

The loss of the ship Ocean Queen, from London to New York, is recorded at Lloyd's.

The ship Moro Castle, of Windsor, has been found abandoned, with masts gone, and towed into Crookhaven. She was timber laden.

The ship Unicorn, from Liverpool for Boston, was abandoned as seen on the 7th of June. Her crew have arrived at Falmouth.

Edward Bilton & Co., merchants, Newcastle, have stopped payment, with heavy liabilities.

Two wealthy ladies, Misses Ann and Elizabeth Sherwood, of Sheffield, have just been liberated by the intervention of their friends, after fourteen years' imprisonment for contempt of the Court of Chancery. They continued in prison fourteen years rather than produce an important document in their possession.

Sunday music is continued in the Parks, and is paid for by private subscription.

A gentleman from Gainsborough, who used only the initial "D.," but who has inclosed his card to the editor of the London Star, writes to that paper, stating that he is a near relative of Mr. Crampton, and thus exterminates the latter:—

"I have most strongly felt, and do most firmly believe, that the public interests have been overlooked for private considerations. Sir Philip Crampton, Baronet, (of whom the late American minister is the only son,) and the Earl of Clarendon, during the Earl's Vice-Royalty in Ireland, as well as in former times, when his lordship (then Mr. Villiers) occupied a situation in the Customs in Dublin, were on terms of the most cordial and intimate friendship. Through his lordship's interest Mr. Crampton first entered on the diplomatic service; through his lordship's influence, Mr. Crampton was promoted to that exalted position which he has recently filled, and in which, through his lordship's exertions, he has been retained, until the President of the United States has been compelled to dismiss him, though the voice of our country and the honorable feeling of a majority of our countrymen felt that Lord Clarendon ought at once to have recalled him. I repeat, sir, and I fully believe, that the public good has been sacrificed to Lord Clarendon's private friendship; and, therefore, although personally, I shall feel inclined to spare Mr. Crampton, on the ground of our relationship, I put you in possession of these facts."

Sir John Bakington has written to the London Star, making representations respecting the policy of creating the Bay Islands into a British colony, which proves him only responsible to the extent of not having rescinded the arrangements completed by his predecessors in office.

From Berlin, June 21st, it is stated that owing to the mediation of Russia, an arrangement has been concluded between Denmark and the United States, in virtue of which a provisional toll convention will remain in force till June, 1857, and the Sound Dues will be collected under this convention as formerly.

The news from France and Russia is unimportant.

Advices from Constantinople confirm the statement that the Russians had demolished the fortifications of Reni and Ismail. The Turks recall the declaration of Lord Clarendon, that these fortifications should not be injured.

ITALY.—Advices from Parma state that the Grand Duchess, while attempting to leave her dominions, was arrested by the Austrian military authorities, and obliged to return to her capital. On her remonstrating, she was told that as the government of Parma had called on the Austrian troops, it was necessary that the sovereign should remain to countenance their acts.

A letter from Malta, dated June 18th, states that the Anglo-Italian legion is disbanded, and part of them will go to Genoa, where they are engaged by the revolutionary party, whose agents have long been actively at work among them and supplying them with money. These agents openly declare that preparations for disturbances are going on in Piedmont most satisfactorily, and that the Germans are secretly countenancing them. Murzini's agents at Malta say that everything is ripe at Naples for a great movement.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—Liverpool, June 24.—COTTON MARKET.—The Cunard steamer America arrived on the 22nd, and her news had a favorable effect upon the Cotton Market, causing prices to be stiffer, though quotations are unchanged. The demand continues moderate. The sales for three days were 30,000 bales, including 3000 on speculation and 1000 for export. The quotations are, New Orleans middling, 6 3-16; Uplands middling, 6 1-16.

BREADSTUFFS.—The market is firm, but buyers are holding back for lower prices. Wheat has advanced 2d a 3d; the market closing firm. Red Wheat, 9s 8d a 10s 9d; white, 10s 6d. a 11s. 6d. Flour has advanced 6d., with a fair demand. Sales of Western Canal, at 33s. a 33s 6d. Philadelphia, 34s 6d a 35s 6d; good Ohio and straight Baltimore, 35s. 6d. a 36s. For Corn, prices are easier; for some grades there has been a decline of 6d. Sales of white at 30s. 6d. a 32s.; yellow and mixed at 30s 6d.

PROVISIONS.—Prices are unchanged, and business is very dull. Beef has a declining tendency. Bacon is also dull. A lot at auction brought 50s. a 51s. 6d. Pork is unchanged, with a limited business. Lard dragging, owing to scarcity, and is retailed at 53s. a 54s.

TALLOW is firm; N. A. is sold at 48s. a 48s. 3d.

NAVAL STORES.—Common Rosin is considerable lower. Sales at 4s. 3d.

BOMBAY.—The market is firm, at former sales.

LONDON MONEY MARKET.—Money is easier. Consols for account are quoted at 91¾ a 92.

THE LATEST.—Liverpool, Wednesday afternoon, June 25.—The Cotton Market is unchanged in every respect. The sales to-day have been 5,000 bales; the market closing firm.

Flour unchanged; business limited. Wheat is without change. Corn dull and unchanged.

DISTURBANCE AT WASHINGTON.—During a Fillmore demonstration at Washington on the night of June 30th, Mayor Magruder, while endeavoring to suppress a disturbance among a crowd of young men, in the vicinity of the meeting, the most of whom were under the excitement of liquor, was surrounded and attacked. The police, and several members of the old night watch, including Captain Burch, formed a body-guard for his protection. Mr. Magruder was struck with a brick and a slung-shot, but was not seriously injured. The mob followed for half a mile, crying, "kill him," &c. Mr. Magruder was finally persuaded to enter the Kirkwood House, when, by persuasions, the mob was induced to disperse. A man with a slung-shot was arrested by Magruder. Washington is a nice place!

Railroads, upon a truly gigantic scale, are in course of actual construction in British India, in furtherance of which the East India Company have loaned their credit. 1. The East India Railway, to Delhi, 900 miles; 580 miles under contract; 100 miles or more now open; and the whole to be completed during the year 1856! The East India Company guarantee five per cent. interest on their bonds to the extent of £1,000,000. 2. The Great India Peninsula Railway, from Bombay, 47 miles opened for travel last year. Five per cent. guaranteed on £1,000,000 by the East India Company. 3. The Madras Railway—interest guaranteed on £1,000,000. 4. The Scinde Railway, 110 miles to the Indus. 5. Central India Railway, to Ahmedabad, 163 miles. Five per cent. interest guaranteed.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 332—Adults 98, and children 234.

THE WAY THE FOURTH WAS CELEBRATED.—In Philadelphia the Fourth was kept much as usual. The tremendous din of crackers and fireworks broke the silence of the night preceding; the roar of cannon and the crash of bells ushered in the dawn; the fireworks and crackers sputtered and fizzed and cracked, and exploded all day without cessation, and late into the night, and the night quiet of the streets was rent by the yells of intoxicated rowdies until near the dawn of the fifth. Business of course was universally suspended, with the exception of the liquor business. The taverns and barrooms swarmed throughout the day, and drunkenness and sin prevailed.

Colored flags in great profusion flapped and floated above the crowded and noisy streets, and over the roofs, and from the multitudinous masts of shipping in the river. All kinds of shows and sights and catchpenny speculations abounded. The day was celebrated by numerous dinners, picnics, parties and minor festivals. The principal public acknowledgement of the anniversary was a Democratic meeting in Independence Square, where, after the reading of the Declaration of Independence, resolutions were passed favoring the protection of slavery, eulogizing the Administration, endorsing Buchanan and Breckenridge, and the Democratic State nominations. An oration succeeded from Mr. Daniel Dougherty, followed by party speeches from Senator Bigler of Pennsylvania, and Hon. John Bigler of California.

The rattle of the fire engines over the pavements was very frequent. Seventeen fires took place, at seventeen different hours, and in seventeen different places. Nearly all of these were occasioned by fireworks. The loss of property may be safely estimated at about nine thousand dollars. This estimate is, however, on the safe side.

The free use of gunpowder was attended with great damage to body and limb. The list of persons harmed in various ways by explosive compounds cannot be completely made up, but is, so far as known, quite large. Fourteen persons are badly injured, and all mutilated for life. One person is reported as hurt mortally.

In thirteen out of sixteen districts of the city, two hundred and twenty-three arrests were made within forty-eight hours. Many of these were for riotous conduct; many for more serious offences. A great number of fights took place which ended before the arrival of the police. In one row, a man was dangerously wounded with an oyster knife; another badly stabbed in the back; another had his head dreadfully damaged with a pitcher. An attack was made on an engine company, which was stopped by the police. A young man in the company of a female was seriously injured by three knife-stabs. Rowdyism generally, inflamed with liquor, was let loose, and nothing but the sleepless activity and energy of the constabulary force prevented the most serious consequences.

Thus the Fourth was celebrated in Philadelphia.

In New York the most interesting ceremony was the inauguration of a Statue of Washington in Union Square. Dr. Bethune delivered the inaugural address. Twenty thousand spectators were present, among whom was a large body of military. The uncovering of the statue was hailed with the most tremendous cheering, and the simultaneous discharge of numerous pieces of artillery.

A heavy rain fell for an hour of the afternoon. In the evening there was a display of fireworks.

The usual amount of drunkenness, rowdyism and accidents occurred. A young lady was accidentally shot dead by another young lady. A young man was stabbed to the heart, in an affray. Many other events of a similar nature took place.

In Boston frequent and heavy showers somewhat interfered with the celebration. There was, however, a military review, a firemen's procession, an official dinner at Faneuil Hall, a balloon ascension, a regatta on Charles River, and a number of arrests, affrays, and accidents.

In Baltimore the day was rather quietly observed. No accidents of a very serious nature happened; there was some, but not much fighting among the rowdy gangs of the western part of the city; and the number of the killed and wounded by pistol shots, explosions, and accidents of the usual character, was not very large.

In Washington there was no public recognition of the day and only one murder.

IMPROVED RAILWAY CARRIAGES.—A model of a newly invented train for the Emperor of the French was lately tried on the railway train between Paris and Tours—it consists of five carriages, communicating with each other by a gallery. There is a drawing-room and bed-room—in fact a complete *appartement*. Another new carriage, for sick people, was also tried—it contains eight beds. A ticket, with the use of a bed, will only cost double the ordinary fare.

$100.—PROCLAMATION.—*TO THE MAYOR AND CITIZENS OF PHILADELPHIA AND THE UNION.*—I propose to test my Electric Oil on any case of *Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Paralysis, Asthma, Piles, Gout, Fever and Ague, Teller, Felons, Scrofula*, of all kinds, *Cramps, Deafness*, (and some other cases that I have treated successfully,) and to forfeit to any public institution the Mayor may name, $100, if my genuine Electric Oil does not make an effectual cure in each case.

Dr. J. C. Van Doren, No. 3 Fall street, Trenton, N. J., an old and experienced gentleman, came to my establishment on Saturday and said, "He never had failed in a single case of Rheumatism with my Oil." He buys several dozen at a time, and has more than a year past. He says: "It is much in *using the Oil right.*" I find I have no trouble in curing all *Pains* effectually, and I do not use injurious medicines. My pure "Electric Oil" is enough. Be careful of the counterfeit, young scamps who use my certificates to sell and deceive the people. Only one Depot, that is N. E. corner Wal nut and Eighth street, Phila. All my bottles must have my name in the glass. All the cures advertised in this paper a year or two past were made by my Oil. Come and see the certificates of 500 citizens. A. B. SMITH, Chemist.

P S.—All the best Druggists in Philadelphia sell my Electric Oil, and T. W. Dyott & Sons are Wholesale Agents. See Dr Smith's signature, and believe not the untruths of counterfeiters. 11

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.

A retired Clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescription used. Direct the Rev. JOHN M. DAGNALL, No. 59 Fulton street, Brooklyn, New York. ja7-tf

"GURTH THE SON OF BEOWULF, the born thrall of Cedric," was placed upon the collar of a serf in Saxon times. Men wear no such badge now, but if any inscription should be put upon a first class garment at the present day, it should be as follows: Bought at the Brown Stone Clothing Hall of Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 603 and 607 Chestnut street.

NERVOUS DISEASES CONTROLLED AND CONQUERED.

Of all the various ills that detract from the enjoyment of human life, most of them may be traced to a disordered condition of the nervous system. The horrors of Epilepsy, or Falling Sickness, arise in most cases from this cause. Our readers may remember, on several occasions before, we have alluded to the wonderful cures of Fits, made by the Vegetable Extract Epileptic Pills, invented and prepared by Doctor Seth S. Hance, of 108 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md. We feel fully satisfied that these Pills have cured some of the most stubborn cases of Epilepsy, as well as the milder forms of Fits, such as severe Cramps, Spasms, &c. We now record the fact, that persons will find these Pills equally efficacious in curing every form of nervous debility. Persons in the country can write to the inventor, and have the medicine forwarded to them by mail. The prices are, one box, $3; two, $5; twelve, $21; and sent to any part of the country, free of postage. Direct your communications to SETH S. HANCE, 108 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.

CONSUMPTION, the great scourge by which so many are doomed to a premature grave, could in many cases be effectually cured by simple remedies, if taken in season. Wistar's Cherry Balsam has cured hundreds within a few years

HIGHLY COMPLIMENTARY RESOLUTION.—At a recent meeting of the Board of Inspectors for the County Prison, the following resolutions were passed. Mr. Band's place of business is at 82 North Sixth street above Arch. His assortment of furnaces, ranges, and ventilators is unrivalled in this city. The annexed compliment is a deserved one:

PHILADELPHIA COUNTY PRISON, June 13th, 1856.

To A. W. Band:—Dear Sir.—At a meeting of the Board of Inspectors of the Philadelphia County Prison, held June 9th, 1856, the following preamble was adopted and resolutions unanimously agreed to:—

Whereas, for the first time since the erection of this Prison it has been comfortably heated during the past winter, by the Boynton Patent Heater, introduced by A. W. Band. And whereas, notwithstanding the extreme severity of the weather, a saving of over *one hundred and fifty tons of coal*, (or twenty per cent.) has been effected by their use; therefore,

Resolved, That we deem it a duty to the inventor and proprietor of the Boynton Heater thus to express our high satisfaction of its performances, and that we can confidently recommend its introduction into other public institutions.

Resolved, That the Clerk of the Prison be requested to send a copy of these resolutions, properly attested, to Mr. Band.

J. KINGSTON, Jr., President.

Attest—JOSEPH K. HOWELL, Clerk. July12-2t

THE FIRST STEAMER that crossed the ocean was the "Savannah," of 360 tons burden, in 1819. She was built at New York, and created much excitement and curiosity at Liverpool, Stockholm and Cronstadt. In those three great cities, no doubt if an elegant establishment for the sale of fashionable clothing, like that of Granville Stokes, No. 209 Chestnut street, can be found.

"$100—PROCLAMATION."—*See* another place. Read it carefully, and go and see the evidence, always freely shown. Corner Walnut and Eighth sts. 11

A PERFUMED BREATH.—What lady or gentleman would remain under the curse of a disagreeable breath when by using the "*Balm of a Thousand Flowers*" as a dentifrice, would not only render it sweet but leave the teeth white as alabaster? Many persons do not know their breath is bad, and the subject is so delicate their friends will never mention it. Pour a single drop of the "Balm" on your tooth-brush and wash the teeth night and morning. A fifty cent bottle will last a year.

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I have found your EXPECTORANT a valuable article in a very troublesome, persistent cough that I have had for many years, which depended on a disposition of the Bronchia to take a morbid action pending changes in the weather. It has been relieved by LESS THAN A SINGLE BOTTLE. I opened the bottle for the benefit of an infant child, whose lungs were laboring under an engorgement of mucus—after promising an emetic at first, I have found the Expectorant sufficient ever since—a portion of the bottle cured my cough. I am now giving it to a relative who has a predisposition to ASTHMA, whose health is improving under its use. The improved weather no doubt a favorable influence—but I shall persevere in its use.

Signed D. LAFOURDRAIE,
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THERE ARE BUT few physicians now-a-days (except the old fogies,) who dispute the value of Dupuy's Snuff in Catarrh.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the evening of the 3d inst. by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. JOHN KAUFMAN, to Miss ELIZABETH ZELLER, both of this city.

At Middletown, Ct. on the 29th of May last, by the Rev. Prof. Lindsey, Mr. JOSEPH HARRIS, of Springfield, Mass. to Miss MARY DURAND, of Slow, Ohio.

On the morning of the 3d inst. by the Rev. John O'Neill, Mr. EPHRAIM E. DUNLAP, of Phoenixville, Pa. to Miss ANNIE SLOAN, daughter of the late Mr. John Sloan, of the Great Valley, Pa. Bridgeton, N. J. paper please copy.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev W. J. MANN, THEODORE MUELLER, to Miss CAROLINE SCHREINER, all of Philadelphia.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. Thomas Brainard, Mr. JAMES PERRETTET, to Miss ANNIE C. daughter of Joel Packer, Esq. both of this city.

On the 30th ultimo, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. MICHAEL CAHANAN, to Miss ALEXANDA LEWIS, both of this city.

On the 26th ultimo, at Christ Church, Bordentown, by the Rev. H. Good win, JOHN P. FOWLER, Esq. of New Orleans, to MARY, daughter of the late Alleyne Culpeper, Esq. of British Guiana, B. A.

On the 12th ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. WILLIAM STEWART, of this city, to Miss LIZZIE MCCLAIN, of West Chester.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. Thomas Brainard, D. D., Mr. JOHN W. DENRICKSON, to Miss MARTHA A. DOUGLASS, both of this city.

In Germantown, on the 22d ultimo, by the Rev George Quigley, Mr. THOMAS DARLIN, to Miss MARGARET A. SPRINGER, both of Frankford.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Bonner, Mr. EDWARD H. HUNT, to Miss SALLIE L. DORAN, both of this city.

At Stockton, California, May 11th, by the Rev. N. Thurston, Mr. WALTER L. FRANKLIN, to Mrs. ABIGAIL JOHNSON, both of Philadelphia.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. W. J. MANN, Mr. C. PLANK, to Miss CATHARINE DEEN, both of this city.

On the 11th of Feb. by the Rev. Andrew Marship, Mr. J. SNETZER, of Strasburg, to Miss HANNAH A. MECUNNAHEY, of Philadelphia.

On the 12th of March, by the Rev. Mr. Brown, Mr. STEPHEN A. DENBRABEEN Jr. to Miss MARIETTA MCCRORY, both of this city.

In Wilmington, Del. on the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. Bishop Lee, Mr. JOHN MCMACKIN, to Miss ADDIE C. HEDGES.

On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. Benj. F. Templeton, Mr. LEWIS G. NICHOLSON, formerly of Washington, D. C. to MARY JANE, daughter of Archer Burrell, late of Richmond, Va.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. John Street, Mr. JOHN C. PRICE, of Absecom, N. J. to Miss LYDIA B. SMITH, of Philadelphia.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. R. Watts, Mr. ARTHUR MCCAIG, to Miss JANE MCMURRIN, both of Philadelphia.

On the 26th ultimo, in accordance with the order of the Society of Friends, HENRY M. LAING, to ANNA, daughter of Geo. and Catharine Truman, both of this city.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. HIRAM C. JOHNSON, to Miss LIDA N. daughter of Stephen H. Galler, both of this city.

At Florence Church, on the 26th of May, by the Rev. John Gunn, ROBERT, son of Robert Thompson, Esq., J. P., Newberry, Middlesex county, C. W., to OLIVIA LETITIA, daughter of the late Jos. O. Tibeaudo, Esq. formerly of Her Majesty's Ordnance Service, Ceylon, East Indies.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 1st instant, ABIGAIL ADAMS, aged 3 years and 4 months.

On the 1st instant, Mrs. JANE GRAHAM, aged 68 years.

On the 30th ult. Mrs. JANE SMITH, aged 34 years.

On the 1st instant, JOSEPH, son of Jos. and Mary A. Blair, aged 5 years.

On the 1st instant, ANN MASTER, aged 74 years.

On the 1st instant, THOMAS MCELROY, aged 18 years.

On the 1st instant, Mrs. SARAH SMITH, aged 87 years.

On the 1st instant, Mrs. MARY HARDY, aged 83 years.

On the 1st instant, ROBERT THOMPSON, aged 52 years.

On the 30th ultimo, JOSEPH, son of Wm and Ellen Cunningham, aged 3 years.

On the 1st instant, JULIA ANN, daughter of Harriet and the late Michael Riley, aged 11 years and 9 months.

On the 30th ultimo, BRIDGET, wife of Patrick McLaughlin, aged 37 years.

On the 30th ultimo, IRENE ISADORE, daughter of Geo. F. and Ellen Uber, aged 3 years.

On the 30th ultimo, Mrs. AMANDA MILLS, aged 20 years.

On the 30th ultimo, at Progress, N. Jersey, JOHN BECHTOLD, Jr.

On the 26th ultimo, FRANCIS J. son of Frederick and Rebecca Keely, aged 2 years and 2 months.

On the 30th ult. FRANCIS LAMBERT, aged 38 years.

On the 29th ultimo, JOSEPH OFFINGER, aged 50 years.

At Pemberton, N. J. on the 22th ultimo, ADOLPHUS W. HARKER, of this city, aged 40 years.

On the 30th ultimo, Mr. JOHN SMITH, aged 36 years.

On the 30th ult. JOHN RYAN, aged 23 years.

On the 28th ultimo, Mr. ROWLAND STOOD, aged 54 years.

On the 27th ultimo, Mr. R. W. EVANS, of Williamsport, Pa formerly of this city.

On the 30th ultimo, ELIZABETH, daughter of Benj. and Elizabeth Householder.

On the 29th ultimo, Mrs. RACHEL GAHEY, aged 36 years.

On the 29th ultimo, MARY ANN, wife of Robt. Barclay, aged 45 years.

On the 28th ultimo, WILLIAM B. MALLET.

On the 28th ultimo, Mrs. EMMA J. MORGAN, aged 33 years.

On the 30th ultimo, MARGARET T. daughter of Mary and the late Robert Shirley, aged 13 months.

On the 30th ultimo, LIZZY, daughter of Ellen and the late Michael Lacy, aged 16 months.

On the 28th ultimo, Mrs. ANNA L. wife of Henry B. Bains, aged 31 years.

On the 27th ultimo, Mr. THOMAS M. COMLY, aged 48 years.

On the 27th ultimo, HARRY, son of Abraham and Mary Beagle, aged 4 years.

On the 28th ultimo, KATE, daughter of William and Ellen Warren.

On the 25th ultimo, ALEXANDER, son of Saml. and Martha Moore, aged 22 months.

On the 25th ultimo, WILLIAM HENRY, son of Noah and Jane A. Hand, aged 4 years.

On the 28th ultimo, MARGARET COX, aged 2 years and 3 months.

"REYNOLD'S POLITICAL MAP OF THE UNITED STATES."—Just published, showing at a glance the whole country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, colored so as to designate the Free and Slave States; also the vast Territory which lies open to Freedom or slavery. It also presents a vast amount of statistical matter, showing the advantages of Freedom over Slavery, together with Portraits of Fremont and Dayton.

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5,000 AGENTS WANTED to sell 4 New Inventions, which are in great demand in every city, town, and village. My agents have made over $14,000 themselves, gross, selling one of them patented July 8, 1856. Full descriptions, prices, &c., given gratis. Put in 6 cents for postage and address EPHRAIM BROWN,
July12-6t Lowell, Mass.

MORAL INSTRUCTION.
COWDERY'S
EL

Wit and Humor.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SHIRT COLLARS.

Under this caption a writer discourses at length in the Knickerbocker with the exuberant, though somewhat rowdyish, humor peculiar to that magazine. We subjoin a few extracts, premising that the author affects the French idiom in his style. The first collar is—

The Louis Napoleon.—The ribbon of paste-board collars that encircle so tightly the necks of those dear little *caniches* of the drawing-rooms, the foplings! For them a turning of the head is an impossibility, their voice is choked into an "aw-ow!" this sound of junior jackasses is all they are allowed to utter. Let us leave them to sing execrably their own music.

The Weak-in-the-Knees.—My patience suffers when I discourse of this subject. He has no enterprise; he comes at first out of the drawer in the morning, and he wears an air of grand promise, but he breaks it before an hour; he falls down on one side, he looks one week old in sixty minutes. He has no stamen, no starch! "My friend," said I one time to one who accustomed himself to this species of collar, "why do you invariably have such sickly collars?" "Oh! ah! I never thought, but, oh! ah! the washer-woman does it!" "My friend," said I, "just conscience! How many of the *times* does she bring to you such collars?" "Always," said he. My gracious! what stupidity. Then again, what use to complain? My friend was a Weak-in-the-Knees collar-man.

The Wide-Awake.—In England they wished me to make purchase of a "jolly little tile," at a hatter's where I entered to get a traveller-hat. I inquired what name was bestowed on a very soft hat I wished to make the voyage to America in? And, my faith! the hatter called him "Wide-Awake!" Ah! I purchased him; if he only had a handle, how useful he would be! For example: a collar goes with this "tile," a collar that fires up like a rocket, that flares out at the sides, that tolerates free motion of the head, that rises out of a flashy neckerchief, loosely tied. By gracious! you will see him on the race-course, at the combat of rats, the fight of dogs; he assists at these sparring-matches; he amuses himself mightily.

The Horse-Collar.—This collar belongs to college professors, men of the languages, sciences, mathematics, and its form constantly revives a memory of the *pons asinorum*, for so it is something like the figure of the upper part of that jackassy bridge. It sweeps round from the back part of the nape of the throat, till it ends in round corners very far ahead of the chin underneath. Of a Sunday morning it is as a general, clean and much upright. Alas! on a Wednesday following he looks like the tail of a rooster on a very rainy day. I fear greatly these wise men clothe their heads to the detriment of their bodies; certain of their ideas are excessively outrageous.

The Responsible.—I cast that word myself, and yet you shall know it when you see it; and you cannot help seeing it. He rises up round the head of the good man like Mont Blanc, so white, so straight up, so great of volume; he keeps the flies off the ears in summer; he shelters the firm old head from the terrible winter wind. He seems to say: I run away from the rest of the linen, I go to climb up to the sky. Ah! my friend, you may confide in that collar; he has got "the dimes," he enjoys himself furiously.

OLD PARSON B———, who presided over a little flock in one of the back towns in the State of M———, was without any exception, the most eccentric divine we ever knew. His eccentricities were carried as far in the pulpit as out of it. An instance we will relate: Among his church members was one who invariably made a practice of leaving the church ere the parson was two-thirds through his sermon. This was practiced so long, that after a while it became a matter of course, and no one, save the divine, seemed to take notice of it. And he at length notified Brother P——— that such a thing must, he felt assured, be needless, but P——— said at that hour his family needed his services at home, and he must do it; nevertheless, on leaving the church he always took a roundabout course, which by some mysterious means always brought him in close proximity with the village tavern, which he would enter, "and thereby hangs a tale. Parson B——— ascertained from some source that P———'s object in leaving church was to obtain a "dram," and he determined to stop his leaving and disturbing the congregation in future, if such a thing was possible. The next Sabbath Brother P——— left his seat at the usual time, and started for the door, when Parson B——— exclaimed: "Brother P———!" P——— on being addressed thus, stopped short, and gazed towards the pulpit. "Brother P———," continued the Parson, "there is no need of your leaving church at this time; as I passed the tavern this morning, I made arrangements with the landlord to keep your toddy hot till church was out." The surprise and mortification of the brother can hardly be imagined.

CHILD'S RECIPE FOR A BROKEN HEART.—For a cracked lip, or an obstinate sore on the face, there's nothing like powdered burnt alum. It cured our little Paul of an angry sore down in the corner, where the cherry of his lips was cleft, though we had to sprinkle it on the squirming little victim after he was sound asleep in his "crib-house." I wish you could see him! But about the burnt alum; it's good for other things besides cracked lips: so little Paul thought—at least, so he *said*. It was thus: "Rip," (we call him so "for short," although that is a good and expressive daguerreotype of his disposition,) Rip and his mamma had a passage at arms, which I witnessed over the edge of my last "Knick.," the result of which was, that Master Rip had a "spanking," duly, judiciously, and *softly* administered. Then it occurred to me that the occasion was a proper one for improving that "afflictive dispensation" to the future weal of the young apostle; and so I said—

"Paul, come here."

"Ez, papa."

"You are a naughty boy, sir, to disobey your mamma, as you did just now."

"Not do it any more, my dee papa. *Sure* I not do it."

"Well, be sure you don't, for it will break your mamma's heart. Just look at *her now*; see how sad she is because you were naughty. I suppose her heart is broken in two or three places."

"Put burnt alum on poor mamma's heart, papa; it make it well. I sure it will."

If this recipe is worth knowing, you may make it public. I don't believe in keeping efficacious remedies secret.—*Knickerbocker.*

☞ A Western editor, a barbarian in musical taste, of course, thus describes his impressions of "Casta Diva," in Norma, as executed by Parodi:

A gradually modulating howl—a squeak, a squall, a thrill, and a guttural google-google-google—a deafening bawl like the hoarse whistle of a locomotive engine, when under full headway—a queeky wop, wop, wop—a half-angle stoop—a machiavelian smile—and a vamose!

☞ A lady in a neighboring town, who had risen rapidly from the kitchen to grace the head of her master's table, was one day entertaining a large party, when the conversation happening to flag, one of the guests remarked, "Awful pause!" "And what's your business with my awful paws?" in wrath retorted the landlady; "if you had scrubbed the house as long as I has done, your paws would not a been see bonnie and white as they are."

A FORCIBLE ILLUSTRATION.—A clergyman, in a country church, had been, in the course of his sermon, expounding on the nature of miracles. No sooner had the service ended, than one of his congregation, a bluff farmer, approached him and began to thank him for much that he had learned in attending to his discourse; but he hoped that his reverence would pardon his asking for some further elucidation of the meaning of a miracle—nothing that he had then heard having tended to enlighten his ignorance of the nature of such an occurrence. The divine immediately assented, requesting the farmer to wait in the porch till the congregation had dispersed. In the porch, accordingly, did Giles station himself, happy in the hope of the solution of such a mystery, and was sedulously watching the departure of the last loiterers in the churchyard, when he was literally taken all aback, by a tremendous salute in the rear from the well directed and vigorously applied foot of the pastor, who, in reply to the mingled expressions of pain and wonder which burst from his disciple, mildly inquired, "Whether what he had then received caused him any pain?" "It hurt me most woundily," rejoined the farmer. "Then," said the clergyman, in his most significant manner, "all I can tell you is, that it would have been a *miracle* if it had *not*!"

A WAGGISH CHAPLAIN.—The Fairmount Virginian, says the Rev. Henry Clay Dean, the present Chaplain to the United States Senate, was some years ago a resident of north-western Virginia. While preaching, one day, at a church situated a few miles from Fairmount, he was annoyed by the inattention of his congregation, as manifested in turning their heads to see *everybody* who came in. "Brethren," said he, "it is very difficult to preach, when thus interrupted. Now, do you listen to me, and I will tell you the name of every man as he enters the church." Of course this remark attracted universal attention. Presently some one entered. "Brother William Satterfield!" called out the preacher, while that brother was astonished beyond measure, and endeavored in vain to guess what was the matter. Another person came in "Brother Joseph Miller!" bawled the preacher, with a like result; and so, perhaps, in other cases. After a while the congregation were amazed at hearing the preacher call out in a loud voice—"A little old man with a blue coat and white hat on! Don't know who he is! You may look for yourselves!"

☞ R. B. Sheridan had a great distaste to anything like metaphysical discussions, whereas his son, Tom, had a liking for them. Tom one day tried to discuss with his father the doctrine of Necessity. "Pray, my good father," said he, "did you ever do anything in a state of perfect indifference, without a motive of one kind or another?" Sheridan, who foresaw what was coming, and did not relish it much, after a moment, replied, "Yes, certainly." "Indeed?" "Yes, Indeed." "What, total, entire indifference—thorough indifference?" "Yes—total, entire, thorough indifference!" "Well, then, my dear father, do, pray, tell me what it is that you can do with such total, entire, complete indifference?" "Why—listen to you—Tom," said Sheridan. This rebuff, Tom said, so disconcerted him, that he never attempted wit with his father.

Agricultural.

PERIOD OF CUTTING WHEAT.

The period at which wheat is cut affects both its weight and quality. Johnston gives an experiment of cutting three patches of equal breadth at different periods. That cut twenty days before ripening weighed 166 pounds; another piece cut ten days later, and ten days before ripe, gave 220 pounds; and the last cut, when *fully ripe*, gave 209 pounds. The per centage of flour, bran and shorts yielded by each, and of water and gluten in the flour, was as follows:

	Flour. lbs.	Shorts. lbs	Bran. lbs.	Water. Per cent.	Gluten. Per cent
20 days before ripe,	74.7	7.2	17.6	15.7	9.3
10 " " "	70.1	4.6	13.2	15.6	9.2
Fully ripe,	72.2	11.0	16.0	15.9	9.6

Therefore, when wheat is cut about a week before fully ripe, it will yield a finer sample of grain, more and better flour and less offal than if cut earlier or left to stand till ripe. The straw is also much more valuable than if left till it becomes brown and brittle. The green coloring matter of the growing stalk should be preserved as far as possible. It is a question worthy of consideration, whether it is profitable to devote any large portion of a grain growing farm to the raising of hay for any of the stock. If not, as we believe, then it is important to preserve the straw in as good condition for feeding as possible.

An important lesson was taught farmers in this latitude by the unprecented weather of last year, and one which will not soon be forgotten, we trust. It was this: *Never put up grain in open shock.* Put up in *round* shock, and *well capped*, wheat or other grain will undergo a month's wet weather without injury. The mode of doing this is to set up six or eight sheaves, forming a round shock—leaving them sufficiently open at the bottom to permit a circulation of air between them. Then take two others, and after breaking them across the knee, so that the ends will hang down and carry off the rain, lay them across the top of the shock transversely—that is, one crossing the other. Spread out the tops and buts, and the work is done. If these caps are kept in place, no fears need be entertained for the safety of the crop. All grain which is to remain out twenty-four hours, should be put up in this manner. It is then safe from any suddenly coming storm or change of weather.—*Prairie Farmer.*

BIRDS, FROGS, AND MICE.—Many of our readers have heard of the famed battle of the *frogs and mice*. We witnessed a repetition of it recently in single combat. A large green frog made an assault on a young nearly grown mouse, and after a struggle in which the latter made many loud complaints, the frog obtained the victory, and immediately made a meal of his opponent.

We hope the report of this battle will induce our readers to give proper respect and protection to the frogs, assisting as they do in extirpating such depredators as the mice have been the past winter. Much is said and written in favor of the *birds*; but frogs and snakes we regard as very useful, and more attention should be directed to their merits, as there is much prejudice against them; while the handsome appearance of birds gives them a great advantage, quite independently of their merits. There are, however, two birds, who do not get fair play, on account of a similar prejudice. These are the *crow* and the *hawk*. The latter especially is eminently useful in destroying mice, and does not do a hundredth part of the mischief caused by some favorite *songsters*, who have comparatively few good deeds to recommend them. We like even-sided justice and humanity—not that which is controlled merely by fashion and fine colors. Let us protect the snakes and hawks.—*Country Gentleman.*

URINE.—Prepare a system of spouts and reservoirs in your barns and out-houses for the preservation of the liquid voidings of your domestic animals of all kinds. This is an article of great efficiency in promoting the growth of plants. If allowed to stand till it becomes putrid, its effects are more immediate than that of any other stimulant, not even excepting soap suds. When applied to plants it tends to preserve them from the attacks of insects, and also, at the same time, imparts new energy to the circulatory and assimilating system. No article is more desirable for irrigating gardens. It should be saved in large quantities.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

SPOILED IN THE COOKING.

LOVER OF FINE ARTS.—"Well, I don't think much of this."

TRADER IN F. A.—"Don't think much of it, sir! Don't think much of it! Why, that's a very rare print—a v-e-r-y rare print, indeed, sir!"

LOVER OF F. A.—"Rare! I've no doubt it is *rare*—IT CERTAINLY IS NOT *well done*!"—*New York Picayune.*

USE OF BONES AS A MANURE.

The use of bones as a manure is of great antiquity. An ancient narrative of Welsh history records that, about the middle of the fifth century, a King of South Wales, after waging war successfully against the Romans, and slaughtering an immense number of them, left their bones bleaching upon the surface of the earth. After a time, one of his successors caused those and all other exposed bones throughout the kingdom, to be collected in one huge pile, which was of marvellous magnitude. By cementing them together with mortar, he constructed a huge prison, in which to confine his prisoners of war. Years after, the old Chronicle relates, "the bones became decayed, so that there was no strength in them, and they were reduced to dust; then they carried the remains, and put it on the surface of the ploughed land, and *from that time they had astonishing crops of wheat and barley, and of every other grain, for for many years.*" In this instance, their fertilizing influence must have been entirely due to the phosphate of lime they contained.

Within the last eighty years the use of bones and bone dust as a manure, has become general throughout Great Britain, and the present fertile condition of that country is in a great measure due to their use. Some authors estimate that $10,000,000 of bones are annually imported into that country, principally to be used as manure. They are obtained in the ports of Europe, Russia, Germany, South America, and the United States. After the bone dust of Germany had been fully tested, and proofs of its efficacy were fully established, a proverb arose that "one ton of German bone dust saves the importation of ten tons of German corn." Throughout Great Britain bones are collected from every possible source of supply, and the markets of the world have been ransacked to supply the demand created for them by the strong conviction of their value which experience has impressed upon the mind of British farmers. Even the bones of battle-fields have been collected and sold for this purpose, and the last mortal remains of the soldiers who fell at Waterloo, have been used to enrich the soil of England. It is common to insert in English leases of land a provision requiring the tenant to manure the soil with bone dust at regular intervals.

Bone manure has been applied, with great success, as a top dressing for grass lands. In this case, it must be sown by the hand, broadcast, and applied in the state of powder, if the land is soon to be subjected to the scythe. In England, the end of April is considered the best time to apply bones for this purpose. Those experienced in their use say that, by manuring with bone dust once in eight years, the land produces as good hay as if manured with farm-yard dung every two years. Once in eight or nine years is considered often enough to manure many lands with bones.

Bone manure has also been variously applied with great success as a preparation for wheat and other tillage crops. When spread broadcast, it is sometimes harrowed in with the last ploughing, or immediately previous to the sowing, and sometimes allowed to lie for a while upon the surface of the ground. It seems to act best, however, when drilled in the soil.

A bushel of bone dust weighs fifty-four pounds.—The amount applied varies from 10 to 25 or even 40 to 50 bushels per acre, according to the crop it is used for, and the permanency of the effects desired from its assistance. To soils of an open texture, bone dust should be applied only in accompaniment with farm-yard manure, the latter being first spread, and then the bone dust sown over it before covering it with the plough. This accompaniment is peculiarly suitable for dry seasons. A good proportion is from eight to ten bushels of bone dust and ten tons of farm yard manure. It is also common to mix all the ingredients of the farm yard into a compost, using about twelve bushels of bones to eight tons of the farm yard manure.

A frequent and usually advantageous method for soils of a less light and open kind, is to work barn yard manure into a compost or mixture with ashes, loams, clays, or decayed vegetable matter, according to the particular character of individual soils—with clay, for sandy soils; with ashes for clayey soils, and with loam or decayed vegetables for soils of medium porosity. Some farmers give to each acre a compost of fifty bushels of bone dust, and five loads of burnt clay or of good earth, and by applying it broadcast and ploughing in, have found it to increase twenty per cent. all the crops of a rotation, except clover. The best method of applying it to meadows or old pasture, is such a combination of bone dust urine and earth, that eight or ten bushels of bone dust shall be given to each acre. Liebig says forty pounds bone dust and twenty pounds sulphuric acid will produce a good crop of turnips.

Bone dust is not equally effective upon all sorts of soils. On light soils, on sandy soils, the warmer loams, and on limestone soils, its effect is very great, while on wet lands, whether clays, damp loams, or moist grounds, the results are generally considered less favorable. Bones are an invaluable acquisition to every country where they can be procured. In England, their use has improved many a barren tract of land which might otherwise have remained unavailable.

☞ The history of the world tells us, that immoral means will ever intercept good ends.—*Coleridge.*

STABLING OF HORSES.—We cannot think it judicious to separate the working horses of a farm while feeding or resting; horses are naturally gregarious; they love society, and although they invariably test the strength of a stranger and may therefore be thought pugnacious in their habits, yet when once accustomed to associate with their own kind, they are reluctant to be parted from their companions, and always welcome their approach or return. They are also very sensible to much confinement, so that in all cases, whether of the nag or cart description, they should have a roomy berth accessible to fresh air as much as is compatible with the employment they are intended for. A nag horse coming off a journey, often in a state of profuse perspiration, should be sufficiently protected from the external air, so that no chilliness is induced or draughts admitted to occasion cold, but with cart-horses less precaution is needed, and the only care required is that they be well rubbed down until their coats are dry, and they may then be permitted, after a feed, to range a yard only sheltered from a northerly wind. This arrangement implies that a covered building is provided, with a manger long in proportion to the number of occupants, each horse requiring about four feet of manger. The open part of such building should, if possible, face the south; when it tends either to the east or west, it will be necessary that the opening should not extend the whole length of such building, a passage or doorway being left large enough to admit free egress or ingress for the horses to or from the yard. In the yard may be introduced one or more cribs for fodder, and on one side should be a trough well supplied with water, for of all animals domesticated by man, none retain more unmistakably an ardent love of freedom and independence if well treated and properly managed. The well-known proverb of "taking a horse to water, but you cannot make him drink," exemplifies in some measure his resolute tendency to consult his own inclinations, and yet how grateful for good usage, how tractable to skillful handling, how emulous of surpassing his rivals, whether hunting or racing, whether spanking on the road in a dog cart, or trembling with energy at a dead pull! Let cart-horses which work together by all means eat together in a roomy sheltered yard, and if they are not overworked, how amusing is it to notice, and how necessary it is to guard against their attempts to lift the latch and escape to a wider range. This fondness for liberty or frolic or mischief, according to the natural bent or idiosyncracy of the animal, sometimes is more serious than amusing, for a sharp-nosed and keen-witted rascal will by such tricks lead his congeners to the pound or into a field of cropping or other expensive scrape. A large yard with a covered shed will keep them in health; they will rest better, have a roll frequently, and often prefer lying in the yard exposed to wind and rain, if the lair of straw is plentifully renewed, rather than lie under cover; note the condition of horses so kept as compared with the solitary rogues having equal measures of food, and it will be found that the social party will do far more credit to the farmer than those isolated; they will be less susceptible of inclement weather, have fewer ailments, and do more work. These jottings are open to criticism; let others narrate their experience; we are ready for correction if wrong, and promise to weigh well a contrary practice when other modes have been successfully pursued. There is indeed great room for discussion on matters pertaining to this subject; so many different plans exist of feeding horses, some with bruised food, some with all fodder cut into chaff, some without hay, some without clover, some with much green food, some with scarcely any. Millers give bran and pollards, brewers give grains, foreigners give barley, and small farmers tail wheat; a good deal depending upon the soil and situation of the farm and the circumstances of the owners. When horses go wrong the farmer is not willing to confess to any defect of information or negligent treatment, and when there is no complaint, the master wonders that such a simple affair is thought deserving any notice.—*Gardener's Chronicle, Eng.*

WORMY APPLES.—Having been troubled with wormy apples for the last fifteen years, I thought I would try an experiment on one tree this season, to see if I could not stop these marauders in their wild career. I took half a dozen quart porter bottles, and filled each half full of sweetened water. I then suspended them from the branches of the tree in the following manner:—I tied leather straps, three-fourths of an inch wide around the branches, to prevent them from being girdled; to these leather straps I tied hemp strings, to which I attached the bottles, leaving them open to allow the millers to enter. I let the bottles remain in this situation five or six weeks, and on taking them down and emptying, I found the millers had entered in great numbers, and were drowned in the liquid. In one bottle I counted 15, in another 40.—*Cor. Ohio Farmer.*

NEW MODE OF KILLING CATTERPILLARS.—Make a cheap pair of tongs of stout wire, long enough to reach the nests in the trees. Put two or three balls of cotton wicking into a small pail of turpentine. Place one of the balls, when saturated with the fluid, in the tongs, light it with a match, and let it burn in the nests, taking care not to let the limbs of the tree get too hot. When one ball burns dry, take another out of the pail, and put the first in to be soaked again. Thus go through the orchard, doing up the work thoroughly. Those who have tried this way, say it is better than any other.—*Ohio Farmer.*

PROTECT YOUR COWS.—Care should be taken during the warm weather of this month, that the cows should be in pastures with convenient shade, or their constant uneasiness from the teasing of flies hinders their feeding, and their becoming so heated from running, has a very injurious effect on the milk, which is less in quantity, very soon becomes sour after being taken from the cows, and does not yield nearly so much produce, and hence considerable loss arises. When the cows have to be pastured far from the homestead, it is sometimes desirable to milk them in the field, for a drive along a hot road, exposed to the sun, does equal harm to their milk as the racing about the fields when exposed to the sun. A vessel is then taken on wheels, drawn by the milkers, or a horse, according to convenience, and this should be left to stand in a cool spot, and be taken home steadily with as little shaking as may be. The cows should get a change of grass at least once a week, even if to no better pasture. They are found to feed better, and keep more settled, than if left longer in one field. A good supply of fresh, good water for them is indispensable for their doing well and yielding a quantity of milk. —*Gardener's Chronicle.*

ADVICE FOR THE SEASON.—Take a good "nooning" these hot days for yourself, your hands, and your teams. Let it be a good hour, beside the dinner time. This rule, observed during the hottest days—always excepting the times when a threatening rain endangers the hay or grain—will give heart and courage to you all. It will save some of you from sickness, and enable you all to do more work, and come out of it with less wear and tear of vital power.

Now is a fine time (during the hot weather we mean,) to study some points in architecture and home comfort. The parlor is on the south-west corner of the house. Three windows, without curtains or blinds, let in a whole volcano of summer beams. No shade trees shield the walls, no verandah spreads a cooling shadow over the door steps. All these are matters of thought. Tell your hired man or your son to plan his house differently. Set a good example, by remedying these evils as fully, as fast as you can. These are only hints. Think as far and as widely as you please in the same direction.—*Ohio Farmer.*

SOAP SUDS.—Save all the suds from the sink and the laundry. If you do not want it for purposes of irrigation, let it be conveyed to your manure heaps, or mixed with materials for compost. No article of a liquid nature possesses more powerful alimentary properties, and its economization will be found a source of considerable profit to any one who will properly use it. It contains the food of plants in a state of solution, and is therefore prepared to act at once and with energy. By mixing it with soda, chip manure, muck, refuse straw, green vegetable matter, or indeed, any kind of decomposed rubbish, and allowing the whole to ferment slowly, a most excellent fertilizer for Indian corn may be prepared, and one that will bring forward the crop with greater vigor than almost any other article that can be named. It is also very valuable as a manure for culmiferous vegetables—melons, squashes, cucumbers, &c.

Useful Receipts.

RASPBERRY JAM.—Pass the raspberries through a fine sieve to extract their seeds, add to them their weight in fine, white sugar, and boil them, and stir them over the fire until you can just see the bottom of the stew-pan.

BLACKBERRY JAM.—Boil the blackberries with half their weight of coarse moist sugar for three quarters of an hour, keeping the mass stirred constantly. A stew-pan is not a necessary vehicle; the commonest tin sauce-pan will answer the purpose equally well. The cheapness of this homely delicacy, besides its sanitive properties, renders it peculiarly desirable for scantily furnished tables. If the berries be gathered in wet weather, an hour will not be too long a time to boil them.

GOOSEBERRY JAM.—Pick and clean red gooseberries, thoroughly ripe. Boil them by themselves for twenty minutes, skimming them frequently. Then add brown sugar, in the proportion of one pound of sugar to one pound of fruit. Boil for half an hour after the sugar is in. Skim it, and pour it into earthenware jars. When cold, paper up the jars, and set aside in a dry cool situation. Strawberry, and black currant jams are made in precisely the same manner as the above; but instead of brown, use lump sugar.

SELF-SEALING FRUIT CANS.—Take a common fruit-jar, with a tin cover, made like a shoe-black box. The jar and the cover will probably cost a dime, and hold a quart. Any of the cements that are used for sealing cans or jars will do for this. Heat your fruit, either in the jars or in some other vessel, and pour it in the jars, (previously warming them.) Now pour enough cement in the cover to give the bottom and side a thin coat. When the cement becomes slightly stiff, apply the cover over the jar, the jar having been well filled, and turn the jar *upside down; and here is the invention.* As fruit jars have a lip, you now have a little trough to fill with cement, and the work is done. Let your jars get cold *standing on the covers, and put them away in the same position.*

It is the steam escaping in the common way of sealing or soldering cans, that leaves so many of them imperfect. My plan entirely obviates this difficulty, as the steam or vapor is always on top of the fruit. This arrangement, you perceive, is really a chemist's *pneumatic trough*, and there is no danger when your fruit has cooled down and created a vacuum, that the external atmospheric pressure will *force the corks in.*—*Cor. Ohio Cultivator.*

TOMATO SOUP.—Stew half a peck of tomatoes slowly an hour and a half in a pint of water; then pass them through a tamis; add half a gallon of veal or mutton broth. Pass through a tamis enough stale bread to thicken the soup. Fry twelve onions brown, and strain them the same way. Add them to the soup with a bunch of fine herbs, and seasoning to taste. Boil up well, and serve.

VEAL CUTLETS CURRIED.—The cutlets may be prepared as for collops, by cutting them into shape, dipping them into the yolk of eggs, and seasoning them with about four table-spoonfuls of fine bread-crumbs, two spoonfuls of curry powder, and one of salt; fry them in fresh butter; serve with curry sauce, which may be made with equal parts of curry powder, flour, and butter, worked well together into a paste; put it into the pan from which the cutlets have been removed, moisten with a cupful of water, in which cayenne and salt have been stirred; let it thicken, and serve very hot.

SOAP FOR WASHING.—The American Agriculturist is responsible for this recipe:

To each pound of common hard soap, add ½ to ¾ oz. common borax, pulverized, and 1 quart water. Put the water into a tin pan or other convenient vessel, and place on the stove; put in the borax, and then add the soap, cut in small, thin pieces. Keep them hot, but not boiling, several hours, or until the soap is dissolved. When cool, it will be double the quantity, and thus save at least one-half. Rub the dirtiest parts of the clothes with this compound, and soak them over night, if convenient, or an hour or two in the morning. This mixture does not cut the hands, and is adapted to all sorts of clothes—calicoes, flannels, &c., as well as white cotton or linen. They are to be washed, boiled and rinsed, as usual, but the labor of *rubbing* is greatly lessened.

☞ The following contains the alphabet:—"John P. Brady gave me a black walnut box of quite a small size."

The Riddler.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 30 letters.

My 1, 8, 19, 24, 23, 29, was an Archbishop of Canterbury, during the reign of Henry II.

My 2, 9, 22, 12, 24, 4, 30, was a distinguished English poet and moralist.

My 3, 4, 21, 13, 4, 16, was a classical historian, born 1762.

My 4, 24, 13, 3, 4, 18, 2, was an Indian warrior, taken prisoner by the Americans.

My 5, 6, 15, 21, 4, 26, was the "prince of philosophers."

My 6, 11, 29, 30, 14, 17, 18, 5, was one of the most distinguished patriots and statesmen of Revolutionary times.

My 7, 2, 9, 13, 16, 16, 6, 23, was a celebrated physician who attended King William III., of England.

My 8, 29, 16, 2, 11, 9, 24, was a noted English ornithologist.

My 9, 11, 20, 14, 29, was a distinguished naval officer under Queen Elizabeth.

My 10, 20, 23, 4, 30, was a Brave General in the United States' service.

My 11, 4, 16, 26, was an English author of several plays and poems.

My 12, 20, 3, 1, 7, 24, was a cruel King of Mauritania.

My 13, 3, 20, 30, 21, 29, 11, was an excellent prelate who was put to death during the reign of Mary.

My 14, 5, 6, 18, 17, 10, 3, was an eminent German painter.

My 15, 2, 17, 18, 30, 13, 29, was a brave Scottish General, who nobly endeavored to rescue his country from the British yoke.

My 16, 19, 2, 11, 19, 27, 24, was the son of Œbalus, who, having received from Bacchus a bottle of wine, went into Africa, to show men the use of it; but, making some shepherds drunk, they thought he had given them poison, and therefore, threw him into a well.

My 17, 11, 24, 15, 12, 28, was a professor of natural philosophy at Edinburgh, born 1760.

My 18, 20, 14, 11, 6, 30, 13, 29, was an accomplished English artist.

My 19, 13, 20, 3, 27, 24, was the son of Dædalus, who, flying with his father out of Crete into Sicily, and soaring too high, melted the wax of his wings, and fell into the sea, thence called the Icarian sea.

My 20, 4, 24, 30, 5, was a brave British officer, celebrated for his naval victories.

My 21, 4, 11, 29, was a Chancellor of England, beheaded by Henry VIII.

My 22, 5, 6, 4, 23, was a political writer and romancer.

My 23, 7, 30, 24, 21, 27, 24, was the most elegant of the modern Latin authors.

My 24, 16, 1, 25, 23, was a distinguished Scotch historian, poet, and novelist.

My 25, 20, 17, 1, 4, 23, was a valorous British general under Henry V. and VI.

My 26, 29, 4, 30, 12, 9, 23, 24, were the priestesses of Bacchus.

My 27, 5, 13, 20, 24, was a celebrated Indian chief—a firm friend of the "pale-faces."

My 28, 2, 13, 4, 30, was a Franciscan monk of the 13th century, said to be the inventor of gunpowder.

My 29, 22, 27, 13, 2, was the goddess of new-born infants.

My 30, 9, 10, 24, 4, 5, was one of the most distinguished naval commanders the world ever produced.

My whole was a Major-General in the American army during the Revolutionary war,—a brave, active, and skillful officer. GARMEW.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 21 letters.

My 3, 11, 14, 17, 21, was a celebrated Irish poet.

My 1, 7, 16, 6, 10, was a noted English comedian.

My 20, 2, 9, was a celebrated English poet.

My 12, 4, 1, 7, 5, 10, 15, was a distinguished English writer.

My 1, 13, 11, 2, 7, was an English novelist.

My 13, 5, 12, 5, 9, was an English poetess.

My 17, 18, 19, 8, 21, 8, was an early English martyr.

My 10, 14, 18, 1, 10, 6, 9, was an English novelist.

My whole is an English poet. CERROS.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 7, 4, 8, is a numeral.

My 2, 8, 10, is a color.

My 3, 6, 9, is a small ornamental vessel.

My 4, 6, 12, 8, is a lake in N. A.

My 5, 7, 4, 6, 10, is an evil spirit.

My 6, 4, 13, 9, is used as a check.

My 7, 10, 8, 11, is a name given to a portion of March.

My 8, 11, 1, 12, 4, 8, is a woman's name.

My 9, 13, 14, 8, is a salt.

My 10, 4, 5, 2, is a wild animal.

My 11, 14, 3, 6, is a steep-ranged part of a mountain.

My 12, 3, 9, 1, 6, 6, is one who follows the chase.

My 13, 11, 7, 11, was one of the heathen gods.

My 14, 8, 1, 4, 6, was one of the Apostles.

My whole is the purest, noblest sentiment of the human heart.

Berkshire, Ohio. FRANK.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 37 letters.

My 4, 25, 17, 12, 7, was the goddess of fidelity.

My 33, 14, 33, 27, 24, 16, 30, was a god of corn.

My 10, 5, 19, 23, 29, 7, was the son of Mars.

My 9, 32, 20, 33, 2, was the daughter of Tantalus.

My 3, 22, 8, 28, 36, were the animals into which Lucina turned the rustics.

My 31, 34, 26, 11, 18, was a river of Hell.

My 13, 28, 6, 10, 28, 16, 12, was a blind goddess.

My 26, 19, 14, 37, was an ancient city.

My 1, 15, 9, 20, was a celestial goddess.

My 24, 27, 35, 2, 6, was a name of Bacchus.

My whole was an inscription on the tombstone of one of our Presidents. T. W. M.

East View, Virginia.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When friends do meet, in house or street,
My first they'll likely do;
My second's most, that people eat—
With exception of a few.
My whole was a lord, who, of one accord,
You'll all admit was wise.
His task is done, his glory won,
'Neath England's sod he lies.

Belmont Co., Ohio. ADDISON.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a portion and coin;
My second a beautiful bird;
My whole is the name of a fowl,
In marshes its deep notes are heard.

O. L. BRADLEY.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am a common article,
Much used by all mankind—
Of bread I am a particle,
As you will surely find.

GARMEW.

ALGEBRAICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There are three numbers in arithmetical proportion. The square of the first plus the square of the second equals the square of the third. Required—the numbers?

Belmont Co., Ohio. ADDISON.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The sum of five numbers multiplied by the squares of the 1st, is equal to 95; the sum of their squares multiplied by the cube of the second, is equal to 3,725; the sum of their cubes is equal to 855; the sum of their 4th powers, diminished by their product, is equal to 4,674; and the sum of the fifth, square of the fourth, cube of the third, fourth power of the second, and fifth power of the first, is equal to 282. What are the numbers?

Red Brush Hill. MATHEMATACUR.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why was Abel's fractured skull like a Southern swamp? Because it was a cane brake (Cain break.)

☞ When may a man be said to be literally immersed in business? When he's giving a swimming lesson.

☞ Why is an egg like a colt? Because it is not fit for use until it is broken.

☞ On what material should a spiritualist journal be printed? *Wrapping* paper.

☞ How can a man who has no wings be said to be "winged" in an affair of honor? Because in fighting a duel he makes a goose of himself.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

All nature is but art unknown to thee;
All chance direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony, not understood;
All partial evil, universal good:
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, *Whatever is, is right.*

ALEXANDER POPE.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Mademoiselle Henriette Sontag, Countess De Rossi. CHARADE.—Per-Hunt. CHARADE.—Bel-on-rouge (Baton Rouge.) CHARADE.—Mammoth. PROBLEM.—16. ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.—3, 4, 6, 8 and 9.